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ELECTRONS *of* INSPIRATION

RADIO TALKS
DELIVERED OVER WGES, CHICAGO

By
REV. NICHOLAS J. KREMER
(FATHER NICK)



1928
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*In the hope that, at least, one tiny seed-
grain of thought has been implanted in
the minds of those who honored me
by "listening in," I sincerely
and affectionately dedicate
to them the following
pages. — N. J. K.*

WITHDRAWN

Contents

Preface	3
Introductory	7
Man	11
Woman	15
Round Boys in Square Holes	23
Money	34
Rich Without Money	44
Opportunity	53
Self-help	63
Work	72
Idleness	81
Obstacles	91
Trifles	101
Will-power	111
Time	121
Promptness and Punctuality	132
Honesty vs. Dishonesty	143
Lies	153
Self-control	163
Temper	173
Kind and Unkind Words	183

Preface

THE chapters which make up this volume were originally a series of talks delivered over the Radio by "Father Nick" Kremer during the Christian Family Hour conducted under the auspices of the Fathers of the Society of the Divine Word. The topics discussed awakened at the very start a popular interest, and the hour of their delivery was eagerly awaited each week by uncounted multitudes. The themes are so timely and homely, and the sympathies with which their author invests them are so broad and universal, that they readily appealed to a world audience.

Those whose good fortune it was to hear them will be glad to know that their fragrance has not been scattered upon the desert air, but is now preserved in the printed page. Doubtless, in their present appearance, stripped of the drapery of the rich cadence

PREFACE

of voice in which they were delivered, and bereft of the subtle influences that find their source in hearers rather than in readers, much of their native charm is missing; but the exquisite imagery, captivating diction, and sparkling anecdote in which they are couched make them as welcome as the portrait of a beloved friend whose voice is no longer heard.

These Radio Gems stand in no need of apology. The subjects may be trite and threadbare from usage, for they have engaged the pens of many since the days of Solomon, but they cannot lose their fascination with time, for they speak of life, its purpose and prerogatives, and of noble achievement wrung from opportunities that are common to the humblest career. They are addressed largely to the young and are an inspiration to the upbuilding of character, the noblest work of man. Their aim is to arouse to honorable effort those who are drifting without compass, to awaken slumbering hopes in those who have become discouraged

PREFACE

in the struggle for success, and to direct into safe and sane paths those who have missed the goal in the search for happiness.

The author teaches that there is no success without character and no failure with it. He has tried to stir the deepest springs of youth's ambition, to lead him to high ideals and teach him that there is something nobler in life than the quest for gain and the pursuit of pleasure; that a man's greatest asset is what he is rather than what he has, and that a high sense of honor, patient purpose, resolute will, and steadfast integrity are the surest guarantee to success and happiness in time and eternity.

The age is hungry for the moral tone of such a message, and by presenting it in novel and attractive form the author has rendered a service that is a distinct contribution to the influences that tend ever onward and upward.

A handwritten signature in dark ink, reading "John J. Code". The signature is fluid and cursive, with a long, sweeping underline that extends to the right.

VERY REV. MSGR. JOHN J. CODE

Introductory

THE ancient Romans placed the busts and statues of heroes in their houses, in order that the children might constantly have illustrious examples before them and thus learn to imitate the virtues, that make men good and heroic. The object of these talks is to hold up to youth, and those of all ages, ideals of noble character; to illustrate the qualities essential to lofty achievement; to stimulate, to encourage and inspire them to be, and to do something, in and for the world. The young have been preached to, lectured to, taught, exhorted, advised. They have seldom been talked to. To talk to you, therefore, my young radio folks, is the pleasurable task which has been assigned to me — a task that, I sincerely hope, I shall be able to perform to your satisfaction and, I trust, your pleasure.

I shall talk to you, not preach to you. I shall endeavor to be reasonable and considerate and withal practical, as far as I may

— for I speak from experience, not hearsay. I shall endeavor to point out to you how to make stepping-stones even of obstacles; to encourage anyone who feels that he is now a square peg in a round hole. I've been through the mill. I've had to do with worry, blues, and fear, with nervousness, dread, and insomnia. I've been in the darkest recesses of shadowland, and hence I know whereof I speak. We shall spend a little time together sizing up things, so that we may understand our problems and get acquainted with each other. I shall endeavor to make our travels together pleasant, buoyant, and optimistic. We shall work with smiles all around us and shall never, I trust, heave sighs or waste time making wishes.

In this modern age of speed we are all keyed up. Let's slacken up a bit and lower the tension. Time, never so valuable as now, coupled with ambition as a goad, is driving man to faster movement. Man has become a mental dynamo, running high-voltage pressure, at terrific speed, accomplishing the tasks of the fabled Hercules, never stopping until Nature cries out her warning. Then the man who has neglected care of his bodily or mental or moral well-being wakes up

to the fact that he has for the most part spent his health getting wealth and now must spend his wealth getting health. Civilization is becoming more and more complex. Our mental carburetors seem to pulsate only one thing — Go! On life's highway, as a result, we see the wreckage, and as the crowd passes and presses forward, we watch the faltering ones dropping out of the race through sheer exhaustion. A prophylactic against tired brains and bodies is timely, and I shall try to provide that prophylactic.

I have no plan, no apparatus, no 'isms,' no freak beliefs to offer. Only cold reason and the conclusions drawn from experience. You are after strength, peace, poise, and trust. You wish to be freed, perhaps, of the blue devils and hold-backs. I shall try to guide and steer your life-boat. You can't lose! You may win! If I fail to make you realize your object, it hasn't cost you anything; if you get what you are after, you and I have been well repaid. There you are — you can't lose, you may win. Are you with me?

I want to help my fellow-man — there is no better purpose — no greater ambition I

know of. Doing something for somebody is the quickest way I know to plant, raise, and harvest a crop of happiness.

To help you, is good; and to know that the help you get, will cause you to help others, is much better. You see, there are ambitions higher than crowns, and rewards greater than dollars. It is good to be able to make a living, but it is better to make a life.

Now that we understand each other, let us square away each succeeding Thursday night and go to it.



Man

ALEXANDER Dumas, the great French novelist, says in one of his books: "All the world cries: 'We want a man!'" I would say to you tonight, my young radio friends, don't look so far for this man. You have him at hand. This man — it is you — it is I — it is each one of us. How to make oneself a man? Nothing harder if you do not will it; nothing easier if you will it.

Diogenes, the old Greek philosopher, with a lantern at noontide in ancient Athens, sought for a perfectly honest man and sought in vain. In the market-place he once cried aloud: "Hear me, O men!" and when a crowd collected around him, he said scornfully: "I called for men, not pygmies." None of us wish to be pygmies, we all wish to be men in the best sense of that term. To be such, we must know first of all what are the characteristics of a real man, a man who will answer to the advertisement which is affixed over the door of every profession, every oc-

cupation, over every circumstance of life.
"Wanted: A Man!"

The first requisite of all education and discipline is man-timber. Tough timber must come from well-grown sturdy trees. Such wood can be turned into a mast, can be fashioned into a piano or an exquisite carving. But it must be timber first. Time and patient nursing develop the sapling into a tree. So the sapling child through proper discipline, education of heart and mind and body, is developed into hardy mental, moral, and physical timber.

When Garfield was asked as a young boy what he meant to be when he grew up, he answered: "First of all, I must make myself a man. If I do not succeed in that, I can succeed in nothing."

The man that we must endeavor to make of ourselves is a well-balanced man, one who is not cursed with some little defect or weakness which cripples his usefulness. A man who is full of life and fire, whose passions are trained to heed a strong will, the servant of a tender conscience, a man who loves all beauty and hates all vileness. The world wants a man who is educated all over, whose brain is cultured, whose hands are

deft, whose heart is tender, and true to God and man.

If a youth should start out with the fixed determination that every statement he makes shall be the exact truth; that every promise he makes shall be redeemed to the letter; that every appointment shall be kept with the strictest faithfulness and with full regard for other men's time; if he should hold his reputation as a priceless treasure, feel that the eyes of God and the world are upon him, that he must not deviate a hair's breadth from the truth and right — he would indeed have developed into noble man-timber.

What are palaces and honors? What though a man should cover a county with his title deeds? What are all these compared with conscious rectitude, with a face that never turns pale at the accuser's voice, with a bosom that never throbs with the fear of exposure, with a heart that might be turned inside out and show no stain of dishonor? To have done no man a wrong; to have put your signature to no paper to which the purest angel in heaven might not have been a witness; to walk and live unseduced within arm's length of what is not your own with

nothing between the temptation and its gratification but the law of honesty and right; to retain individuality even in a crowd; to have the courage of conviction; to be not afraid to say "No," though all the world say "Yes" — that is the man the world is clamoring for. It is such a man who cuts his way through opposition and forges to the front. In this electric age, where everything is pusher or pushed, he who would succeed must hold his ground and push hard. Every germ of goodness will at last struggle into bloom and fruitage, and true success will follow every right step. A man may make millions and yet be a failure; but one who invests in himself, who will garner the admiration of the world and the blessing of God, is the young man who will amass golden thoughts, golden wisdom, golden deeds, rather than golden dollars: young men who prefer to have thought-capital and character-capital rather than cash-capital. Such is a real man. Such a man will successfully answer the world's advertisement, "Wanted: A Man!"

Woman

FOR long ages woman was but the creature of man's caprice, the drudge or ornament of his home, mistress of neither her body nor her mind. But as the world advanced and reason wrested the sceptre from brute force, woman began to assume her proper place in the world's economy. She has stepped into the light of freedom, is realizing for the first time in the history of the human race, that she is a moral entity and arbiter of her own fate. In the 20th century we are beginning to realize that, though we often call women "the weaker sex," yet she can break the best of us if given an opportunity. Pope calls man the "great lord of all things." Yes, we rule with a rod of iron the creatures of the earth, the sea, and the air. We hurl our withering defiance in the face of kings and potentates, we found empires, straddle dangerous political issues, chain and conquer the powers of the universe, and then — surren-

der unconditionally to a little bundle of dimples and deviltry, sunshine and smiles. And why? Because we recognize that woman, that erstwhile drudge, raised by God's great mercy to royalty, has it within her power to be the dynamics of a new and a better civilization, that the womanly woman, self-poised as a star, pure as the polar snows, fit companion for the true nobleman, of nature, is to be the Providence that will lead man step by step onward and upward, until our cruel iron age is transformed into an age of gold — in which selfishness will be considered the worst of crimes and love the all-powerful law.

This might sound rather Utopian, rather a big job to place upon the shoulders of the 20th-century woman; but still once woman recognizes her power and employs it, not merely for herself, but for her fellow-men, it is but a matter of time, that under God's grace she can remodel humanity. She can do this not by mounting the rostrum, not by standing at a polling-place with the badge of a favorite candidate fluttering on her breast, but by the splendid example of her character as expressed in her daily life.

The old heathen philosopher Socrates ut-

tered this prayer shortly before he was condemned to drink the fatal hemlock: "I pray thee, God, that I may be beautiful within." That, too, should be the daily prayer of every real woman. If beauty of soul is the possession of a woman, that beauty will peep out of her eyes, will find its way to her tongue, will creep down to her hands — will tinge with the radiance of its charm every action of her life.

What that beauty consists of it would be hard to tell within the short space allotted to me, but permit me to refer you to those salient virtues, which collectively go to make up the charm of a real woman. And first of all let me call your attention to that most beautiful of all possessions, which makes or mars a woman's life and character, depending upon whether she possesses or lacks it. I mean her *purity*, her cleanness of mind and heart. Neither padlocks, bolts, or bars can so secure a maiden as will her own purity, and reserve. It is the diamond setting to a woman's beauty. Nothing can atone for the want of it; without it her beauty becomes ungraceful, her wit detestable. We are wont to consider honor in man the highest virtue. If honor is the masculine,

then purity is the feminine of honor before God and man. Byron, who could by no means boast of the possession of this virtue, still recognizes it when he says:

“ ’Tis said, the lion will turn and flee
From a maid in the pride of her purity.”

Purity of heart is the noblest inheritance, as love is the fairest ornament of woman. Let a woman value her purity, and the biggest scoundrel, that goes unhung today, will doff his hat in homage to the brightest jewel in the crown of woman's virtues.

In the wake of this virtue I would direct your attention to a quality which will add to the charm of a woman in an incalculable degree — it is *kindness*. Kindness has been called the small coin of love. The word is generally used to designate the little deeds of thoughtfulness and gentleness, which make no noise and attract little notice, rather than large and conspicuous acts which men applaud. One may live many years and never have the opportunity of doing anything great, anything which calls attention to itself, yet one may, through all one's years, be kind, filling every day with gentle deeds of thoughtfulness, helpful ministries,

little services of interest, obligingness, sympathy, and small courtesies. The ministry of kindness is unceasing. It keeps no Sabbaths — it makes every day a Sabbath. It fills all the days and all the nights. In the true home it begins with the first waking moments in the morning in pleasant greetings, cheerful good wishes, and then it goes on all day in sweet courtesies, thoughtful attentions, in patience, in quiet self-denials. Out in the world it goes everywhere with happy cordiality, its gladness of heart, its uplift for those who are discouraged, its strengthening words for those who are weary, its sympathy with sorrow, its interest in lives that are burdened and lonely.

Kind words are looked upon like jewels on the breast, never to be forgotten, and, perhaps, to cheer by their memory a long sad life. In the heart of the real woman there is such a deep well of love that no winter of ages can freeze it. Let a woman be kind, enter wholeheartedly into the joys and sorrows of those with whom she comes in contact, and like spring flowers, she will break through the most frozen ground, and the heart which seeks for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

A woman's kindness and love is often but a solitary leaf, but neither storm nor blight can fade it; like the perfume that a dead flower sends forth, it is sweet when all the gay sunshine has departed; when all its bloom has passed, it has the fragrancy of memory: it is the last lingering beam that glows long after sun and stars have set.

Shakespeare tells us that beauty lives with kindness, and in *beauty* we find another charm of the real woman. Milton sublimely defines beauty as "God's handwriting — a wayside sacrament." But let us not make the fatal mistake as to imagine, that real beauty consists in that which addresses itself to the eye; it consists not merely in a beautiful face, a sweet mouth, glossy hair, well shaped eye-brows and lashes, a graceful gait, or a fair shape. These may all be desirable to the heart, but "True beauty's but fair virtue's face — virtue made visible in outward grace," says the poet Young.

Mere physical beauty is a frail possession. It is like an almanac. If it lasts a year, it is well. Beauty is as the summer fruits, which are easy to corrupt. In time it loses its relish, for it cannot last. If virtue accompany it, it is the heart's paradise. No

one can afford to despise beauty; no one is freed from its dominion, but it is fatal to regard it as a pearl of great price, because it is fleeting as the bow in the clouds. True beauty is well expressed in the lines of the poet Hunt:

“What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No!
These are but flowers,
That have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets,
then go —

’Tis the stainless soul within
That outshines the fairest skin.”

Beauty of form affects the mind and heart — the esthetic sense, it is true; but it must be remembered that the beauty which we admire is not the mere shell; we are rather attracted by the conviction that this shell is only a beautiful case which hides a still more beautiful pearl within. The perfection of outward loveliness is the soul shining through. It goes without saying, on the other hand, that that priceless pearl need not necessarily be encased in a beautiful body. Mme. de Stael was not gifted with beauty, but Talleyrand declared that “she talked herself beautiful.”

To have these qualities of purity, kindness, and beauty of soul, coupled with physical beauty, if so fortunate, are some of the ingredients of real charm in a woman. It is thus she can wield an influence greater than the influence of eloquence or philosophy or science. The most glorious achievement of the 20th century is the almost universal recognition that woman is no longer the chattel or plaything of man; she is co-sovereign with him. With mind unfettered and hands ungyved, with opportunities such as she has never enjoyed before, and these opportunities used in the proper manner and in the right direction, the destinies and the regeneration of humanity can largely and safely be placed in her hands.



Round Boys in Square Holes

SO MANY of us make the mistake of setting for ourselves a goal which, even if attained, will not satisfy. Money as a goal will always prove to be a great blunder, because it turns the heart into a money-vault by driving out the nobler sentiments. Money indeed is a necessity. The lever that moves the world is a lever of gold. Without it starvation would stare us in the face. Money will bring us culture, it will bring us pleasure, it will bring us opportunities, it will bring us even the bows and the scrapes of lick-spittles—if we delight in the flattery of sycophants. But, as you notice, it is merely a means. When it becomes an end, when we imagine the catalogue of happiness is written on back of banknotes and greenbacks, then unhappiness is bound to result, for they coin their very hearts to increase wealth. I might say the same of pleasure, fame, fashion, or any other ambition we have in life. They are all intended to be

accompaniments of life, making us more contented and in the end bringing us happiness. They cannot be made an object in life without courting disaster for ourselves and others. To be happy is the real objective of life. Whatever means we use must be all subservient to that one endeavor to make ourselves, and those about us, happy. The means themselves when mistaken as a goal bring only counterfeit success. One reason why so many are unhappy today, one explanation of the seemingly ever illusive happiness and contentment, is that many are in out of the way places, in out of the way positions, using out of the way methods — in a word, they are round men in square holes. Sidney Smith tells us: "If you choose to represent the various parts in life by holes in a table of different shapes — some circular, some triangular, some square, some oblong — and the persons acting these parts by bits of wood of similar shapes, we shall generally find that the triangular person has got into the square hole, while the square person has squeezed himself into a round hole."

Everyone of us has been given an aptitude in a certain direction. If we fail to use

our talents in the proper line of endeavor, we may prove a partial, but never a complete, success — rather more often a failure. When a little one first breathes the breath of life, God leaves the impress of His guiding hand upon that child's mind. Never was there a child born like this one, and never shall there be born a child like this one. God has a mold for each individual, and that mold is broken when first we draw breath. When we look into that cradle and contemplate the little chubby barbarian, we cannot read the secret of its future life. God has placed within that mind a destiny which He expects it to fulfil. He is willing to lend His aid toward that goal, and as the little one grows up, He expects it to follow out the lines laid down in its creation. Naturally, the child will be drawn toward a certain line of endeavor. Whatever line that may be, he will tend and strain toward that point even as the needle will inevitably tend to the north.

To be happily successful, it is necessary to choose that occupation which is most adapted to the taste of the individual, because then his work or his vocation will be a congenial one. Aspirations are implanted in

the heart of every one of us. They are bound to crop out at some time or other. Trials, circumstances, the opposition of parents, friends, and so-called well-wishers may for a time stifle the longings to do or to accomplish some particular thing; they may succeed even in convincing you that the work or the career you have chosen is not the one most adapted to your talents — yet if you will notice in the lives of others — if you are at all observant — nature abhors a botched or half-finished work, as it abhors a vacuum. Matthew Arnold advises young men to be the “Napoleon of Boot-blacks” or the “Alexander of Chimney-sweeps” rather than a shallow-brained, unaccomplished attorney or physician or other professional man. Civilization will be at its zenith when every man has chosen for himself that to which he is most fitted. There is no possibility of anyone’s being really, ideally, and happily successful, until he has found his proper place. If a square man, he must find the square hole, not look for comfort or success in the round one. Look at the eagle as he sits on his perch confined in a park cage. He blinks, is drowsy, seems to be bereft of all that makes him the peppy

eagle we have chosen as our national motto. Open that cage-door, let him gain a glimpse of freedom, and his eyes will again resume that keen glance, his powerful wing will be set against the clear blue sky, and his curves will be true and steady as he soars to the heights. Imagine an old truck-horse competing on the race track with a pedigreed sleek stock of horseflesh! How ridiculous such an exhibition would be! Yet we find people, young men and young women, who make just as ridiculous a spectacle of themselves as they flounder about in places and positions where they have no business to be. It has been said, truly, that if God should commission two angels, one to sweep the street-crossing and the other to rule an empire, they could not be induced to exchange callings. He who feels that he has a particular God-given work to do, can be happy only when he is engaged in performing that work and no other. Hence parents and those who have the care or guardianship of a young man or young woman should at the outset of their commercial or professional lives try to discover in what direction lies the aspiration of their child or ward. They might as well try to force the magnetic

needle to point to the west, and to remain there, as force a young man or young woman to follow the bent or inclination which *they* have decided for them. Many parents, as history shows us, have endeavored to do just this thing, but the needles of their boys' or girls' compasses swung back inevitably to their own aspirations and desire. Let me just mention a few instances, as a practical illustration of what I have said. Goldsmith was intended to be a physician, but he proved a failure. Yet only he could have written the "Vicar of Wakefield." James Watt was considered lazy and a time-waster, but watching the tea-pot lid was to him the work of his life, and well it was for us that he thus seemingly "wasted his time." The parents of Michelangelo determined no child of theirs would ever follow the disgraceful profession of an artist, considering it a decided waste of time to spend it in daubing useless canvases. Galileo was destined by his parents to become a physician. Turner was intended to make a career at barbering. Claude Lorraine was to be a chef, Schiller to be a surgeon, Handel to be a lawyer, and Stewart to be a clergyman. Had they followed the profession intended

for them by their parents, we would perhaps still be riding in stage-coaches, for Watt brought us steam. We would be the poorer for the lack of the great masterpieces of painting and sculpture which are the delight of those visiting the Vatican and St. Peter's. The principle of the pendulum, which revolutionized the story of the stars, might still be a mystery to us. The glorious canvases of Turner and Lorraine, which captivate the lover of beauty, would not be our possession today. The sonorous lines of "Wilhelm Tell" and "Maria Stuart" would be unable to move our hearts and souls, and the soul-stirring "Messias" would still be hidden away in the hidden recesses of the piano keys. To their parents and friends they were blockheads, dunces, because they could not conceive success for them in the lines they chose; they could not imagine how success could be their lot in professions in which they could see but little to gain and much to lose. Some of the greatest names that dot the pages of world history were considered dunces and blockheads. Time showed that they were indeed dunces in the lines chosen for them by others, but brilliant stars in the firmament of those sciences and professions which

they adopted, for which they felt a craving and for which they possessed an aptitude. Henry Ward Beecher was the dullest boy in his class. Wellington's own mother threw up her hands in despair because her boy was "such a dunce." At college he was considered idle and slow, and less was expected of him by his masters than of any other boy in his class. The schoolmasters of Goldsmith used the poor lad as a butt for ridicule. At college he was graduated as "Wooden Spoon," a college name signifying a dunce. Harvard, the founder of Harvard University, was a boy for whom no one would have predicted any career worth while. Sir Walter Scott's pet name given him by his own teacher was "blockhead." Byron happened at one time during his days at college to head his class. The master, surprised and astonished, said to him, "Now, Jordie, let me see how soon you will be at the foot again." We do wrong when we append the name of dunce or blockhead to any young boy or girl. History shows, as we have seen, that many so-called dunces, blockheads, good-for-nothings, numskulls, and ne'er-do-wells were only boys and girls out of their proper places. They were round

boys and girls forced into square holes. Thackeray has a word to say which may appropriately be quoted here: "Let us people," he says, "who are so uncommonly clever and learned, have a great tenderness and pity for the folks who are not endowed with the prodigious talents which we have. I have always had a regard for dunces — those of my own school-days were among the pleasantest of fellows and have turned out by no means the dullest in life, whereas many a youth who could turn off Latin hexameters by the yard, and construe Greek quite glibly, is no better than a feeble prig now, with not a pennyworth more brains than were in his head before his beard grew." I do not believe there is any such creature as a dunce, unless, of course, a child is actually afflicted with a pronounced mental defect or disease. Even some of us who have not been blessed with a brilliant intellect are good for something. If professions demanding much intellectual capacity are beyond our reach or ability, we have manual fitness or at least bodily strength, and we can be of value in this way to others as well as to ourselves. If we can achieve success in no other endeavor except by wielding a pick and shovel,

let it be our endeavor to become king-pin among ditch-diggers. A chicken trying to swim with some ducks complained of the world. "The world is all right," replied the ducks, "if you adjust yourself to it. Keep in your own element, land, not ours, water, which is just what is satisfactory to us" — a parable for the warning of parents who crowd into the professions sons who should and ought to be mechanics. In the prodigal of the Scripture we see the common mistake made. He desired to escape hard work. He did not like manual labor any more than the American boys and girls of today, who take ten to twelve dollars a week measuring tape or pasting labels, when they might have thirty or thirty-five dollars as mechanics, secretaries, or stenographers. The prodigal wanted a short cut to wealth and an easy path. He failed because he started out with a low and selfish idea of success, with false views of the great end and aim in life. He wanted pleasure, show, money — he got them — and all failed him. He saw his blunder and with broken heart turned back to his father. How many dwellings there are in the world crowded with every appointment of luxury, that are only glittering

caverns of selfishness and discontent! They have all the world can give them except happiness, the one goal of every man's life both here and in the Great Beyond.



Money

ONE of the first great lessons of life is to learn the true estimate of values. As the youth starts out on his career, all sorts of wares will be shown him, and all kinds of temptations will be offered to induce him to buy. His success will depend very largely upon his ability to estimate properly, not the apparent, but the real, value of everything presented to him. And first and above all, wealth, money, will flaunt its banner before his eyes and claim supremacy over everything else. Napoleon once said: "Men are hogs who feed on gold." We are all slaves to money — too much of it or too little. And when man gets all the money he needs, the only thing he wants is — more. The ever-dominant hunger that salutes us from one end to the other of our broad land is the passion, the hunger, the greed, for gain. The dollar sign is the one sign of respect and achievement. Most people would rather be miserably rich than happily poor. As Aunt

Jemima said: " 'Tain't de white nor am it de black folks what hab de mos' influence in dis world. It sho' am de yaller boys," as she affectionately patted and jingled a few coins in her apron pocket. Half the world worships the other half because it has money. Of all the dust thrown into man's eye, the most blinding is gold dust. Money doesn't mean everything, but everything seems to mean money. The disease of accumulation eats its way into the very vitals. There is a crude old saying that "money talks." Indeed, it does, in every language, and never fails to be understood. It usually has the best of any argument. Hushed is the conversation of men when money talks, and when the money of some people talks, it uses a megaphone. It is an idol worshiped in all climes without a temple, and by all classes without a single hypocrite. Mammon wins his way where seraphs might despair. Like flies swarming around cadavers, so men swarm around gold. There is no sacrifice which men will not make for money. They will face belching cannon, clog their lungs with the dust of coal-mines or with the powder inhaled from the grinding of steel, become workers in lead, arsenic,

or any of the other substances so often fatal to life, blast with gunpowder and dynamite, live amid malaria, and risk their soul's peace in this world and in the next—for gold. No toil is so exhausting, no danger so appalling, that men will not confront the one or undergo the other if the stakes are sufficiently high. Many a man willingly will lose a friend to earn a dollar. There is a stench of money everywhere—a stale aroma in the air, a dubious perfume of decay — because of men who can do nothing except what can be done with money, who think nothing, know nothing, sweat nothing, but money. Money is well called the “devil’s pass key.” You can have the retinue of a king without a king’s responsibilities if you only choose to pay for it, and yet, if there is anything pitiable in this world, to me it is to see a dried-up, mentally and spiritually, starved, undeveloped scrub-oak of a man standing beside a pile of dollars. Charity may cover a multitude of sins, but greed is not one of them. Has it ever struck you, as Papini in his startling “Life of Christ” tells us, that Jesus was never willing to touch a coin with His hand? Those hands which touched the contaminated flesh of the leper and of the

dead, those hands which clasped the body of Judas, so much more contaminated than clay, those white, pure, healing hands, which nothing could sully, never suffered themselves to touch one of those metal disks. To Him the thought of contact with those symbols of wealth was disgusting. For those disks present a constant circle of one trying to overreach the other. As Farmer Heck says: "My way of makin' money is to git yours; your way is to git mine."

And yet, after all, there is a great deal of affectation in the despising of money. It is not all bad, nor is the possession of it a crime. It has a great value, and let us frankly own its value. To cry out in season and out of season against the universal craving is to waste one's breath upon the air. Men will not listen to abstract arguments against the pursuit of gold or greenbacks, and the most eloquent sermon in praise of poverty provokes but a smile. Bacon tells us: "Believe not much them that seem to despise riches, for they despise them that despair of them." Rarely is their Spartan scorn proof against a fat legacy or other pecuniary windfall. It is only too true the treasure of some men is gold, and love of it

grows so strong as to become idolatrous. As a result the money garnered by them has caused tears to flow — aye, this creed of gain has brought forth tears — tears of blood even from the very eyes which once adored the golden calf. Large fortunes are gathered to which there adheres not a drop of the sweat of enrequited toil, and upon them there is not one drop of needlewoman's heart's blood; but alas, there are other fortunes, about which it may be truly said, that on every doorknob and on every figure of the carpet and on every wall there is the mark of dishonor. What if the hand wrung by ill-paid and ceaseless toil and blistered until the skin came off should be placed against the exquisite tapestries bearing its mark of blood — four fingers and a thumb? In such cases money has proved the master, and you know, money is either a man's slave or his master. Riches will always serve wise men, but govern fools.

We are often told that money is the root of all evil. That is true in a great measure, but we must not forget that money is the root of industry as well. It is money, or rather the want of it, which makes men workers. It teases the business nerve of the

entire world. It is this scantiness of means, this continual deficiency, this constant hitch, this perpetual struggle to keep your head above water and the wolf from the door, that keeps society from falling to pieces. Let every man have a few dollars more than he wants, and anarchy would surely follow. Money, too, is power. Science is multiplying the comforts of life, the means of culture and civilization with amazing rapidity, and money is the necromancer by which they are placed at our disposal. Money means a comfy home, warm clothing, nutritious food, medical attendance, books, music, pictures, the ability to rest when weary in body or brain, and above all, independence of thought. Riches are indeed dangerous, but they are not wrong. They are condensed power, frozen labor, as it were. There is nothing unethical in accumulating wealth. It becomes so when it is accumulated selfishly, wickedly, and when it is used for wrongful purposes. It is when man sacrifices everything to the golden calf; when to win it he will crawl in the dust, stoop to mean and dishonorable action; or give his conscience a single pang; when it impoverishes his mind and dries up the sources of spiritual life;

when it extinguishes the sense of beauty and makes one indifferent to the wonders of nature and art; when it blunts the moral sense and confuses the distinction between right and wrong, virtue and vice; when it stifles religious impulse and blots out all thought of God from the soul; when one has mortgaged himself to Mammon, and the one giant passion for gold has starved every other affection, in a word, when one loses his life for the sake of the means of living. Such men never rise above the merest drudgery. No noble sentiment or feeling can live in their hearts because the lust for wealth fills it so completely it leaves no room for anything else. They can do nothing but grovel like an earthworm, eating dust and casting out their slime to form a pathway along which to crawl. Life's compensations do not come in the pay-envelope or the dividend check. Those who expect riches to create happiness are looking for honey in wasp's nests and for rest on a thorny hedge. It is a fact of experience that those who have most of this world usually have least of heaven. It is better to be a fool and part with your money than a miser and be buried in it. A man can always save money, but he

can never be saved by it. When a man estimates money highest, he values himself least, for men make money, but money never makes men, although it is true that in the great day of God we shall not use men to make money, we shall use money to make men. A man as he gets to be worth more may become worth less is a paradox which it would be well for all to remember. The only riches worth while are the riches that enrich other lives. It is not a question of how much money you have made, but how much good you have done with it. For what you earn is yours in trust only. It is what you do with it that really matters. Both miser and spendthrift think the other foolish, and they are both right. While your fortune has been growing, have you been growing yourself, or have you been shriveling? If all your energies have been concentrated in chasing the dollar, while you have neglected the man, you are not a success. It is not what a man has, but what he is — this is the sole concern of real men — the sole concern of the Divine Equity. A shrewd gentleman said to his daughter: "Be sure you never marry a poor man, but remember the poorest man in the world is the one who

has money and nothing else." Poverty may pinch the body, but money only too often pinches the soul. Money is like water. If it floods, it is devastating, but divert it into a thousand channels where it circulates quietly, it brings life and fertility to every spot. Of course, there must be something in life to fight for. And as for the fight, why must it always be a scramble for hot coppers? There's nothing consoling about the fact that even if you get hold of a fistful of the hot coppers, you can't hold them long. You've got to drop them in the end. Still for most of us the worst about riches is not having any. We are only too apt to consider him a sordid money-grabber "who grabs more money than we can grab." Even the donkey knows when he has enough, unless he is of the two-legged species. You can't buy your way with money to real homes, real hearts, real friends. To know how to be rich is an art and one of the least easy arts to learn.

True civilization always places manhood and womanhood above merely money. The only names in history worth remembering are there because of something else than making money. Money is the most obvious

sign of success, but only in a crude world. Washington was the richest man in the country in his day. But few know it and nobody remembers it. And why? Because it is of no importance whatsoever.

Let us never forget this one salient fact of our lives, that the richest man on earth is but a pauper fed and clothed by the free bounty of his God.

Pope beautifully gives us the true estimate of money when he says:

“Wealth in the gross is death; but life
diffused:

As poison, heals, in just proportion used.
In heaps, like ambergris, a stink it lies —
But well dispersed, is incense to the skies.”



Rich Without Money

IF I were to place a caption to my chat this evening, I would call it "Rich Without Money." No man deserves to be crowned with honor, whose life is a failure, and he who lives only to eat and drink and accumulate money is surely not to be called successful in the true sense of that word. The world is no better for his having lived in it. He never wiped a tear from a sad face, never kindled a fire upon a frozen hearth. There is no flesh to his heart; he worships no God but gold. It is but a low standard of greatness which measures a man by his employment or by what he can buy rather than by what he is. A hod-carrier may be infinitely superior to the millionaire under whose bricks he staggers. The world in which the laborer lives — as shown by his conversation and noble living — may be as far above that of his employer as heaven is high above earth. The greatest monetary success on earth may mean the dreariest failure in the

world to come. Matthew Henry says: "There is a burden of care in getting riches, fear in keeping them, temptation in using them, guilt in abusing them, sorrow in losing them, and a burden of account at last to be rendered concerning them." As a rule, great success in the money world means the failure and misery of hundreds of competitors. Every success in the world of intellect or character, on the other hand, is an aid to the possessor and a profit to society. All honor, therefore, to the comparative few in every walk of life who amid the strong materialistic tendencies of our age still speak and act and live, inspired by the hope of rewards other than mere gold or material success. When Wirtz, the great artist of Brussels, was asked the purchase-price of one of his paintings, he replied: "Keep your money. Gold is the death-blow to art."

Riches do not consist in dividends, gold, silver, and precious stones. The richest man, he whose fame will endure longest, is the man who most enriches his country, in whom the people feel richest and proudest; who gives himself with his money; who opens the doors of opportunity widest to those about him; who is ears to the deaf,

eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame. Such a man makes every acre of land in his community worth more by his residence within the limits of that community. If we work upon gold, it will perish, if upon brass, time will efface it; if we rear temples, they will crumble to dust in time. But if we work upon immortal minds and human hearts, if we imbue them with high principles of living, with the just fear of God, in a word, with manhood — we engrave on the tablets of the mind and upon the very soil of the heart something which time cannot efface, but which will grow brighter through all the ages. Neither a man's means nor his worth are measurable in money. If he has a fat purse and a lean heart, a broad estate and a narrow understanding, what will his means do for him; what will his worth gain him? Emerson tells us that the "truest list of civilization is not the census, nor the size of cities, nor the crops, but the kind of men the country turns out." When a lady marries, people ask: "Did she marry well?" That is, did she marry money? not, did she marry an honest, clean, upright man. "What was he worth?" people ask when a man dies; but the angel who receives him at the eternal

gates asks: "What good has he done?" The advice which Burns' father gave his son is pertinent,

"He bade me act a manly part, though I
had ne'er a farthing;
For without an honest manly heart, no
man is worth regarding."

It is personality, character, rather than monetary achievement, which will endure. The character of some is of such a brilliancy that their very names are a talisman; they are like the sound of a trumpet to which call men will rally spontaneously.

Pompey, the old Roman, said: "If I but stamp on the ground, an army will appear."

At the voice of Peter the Hermit, Europe arose and cast itself upon Asia. With the cry of "God wills it!" emperor, king and peasant donned the Crusader's uniform. When the great Douglas lay wounded on the field of Otterburn, he ordered his name to be shouted still louder than before, saying there was a tradition in his family that a dead Douglas should win a battle. His followers, inspired by that loved and respected name, rallied and carried the day and thus in the words of the Scottish poet: "The

Douglas dead, his name hath won the field."

During these last few days a name has been upon the lips of the inhabitants of our country and of the continent abroad which is an inspiration to us all. A name which was made, not by the power of gold, but a name which spells character, grit, and trust in God — Col. Lindbergh. By his simplicity, his generosity to fellow aviators, his modesty, his almost incredible grit, he has not only astonished the world, but has emblazoned his name on the tablets of history in ineffaceable letters; his name will go down the corridors of time as symbolic of character. His achievement was one that all the gold of ancient Croesus and his successors, the modern money-kings, could never purchase or produce. His name will be uttered with reverence and admiration when the modern money-bags are laid away forgotten by all the world.

George M. Reynolds, President of the Continental and Commercial Trust and Savings Bank has said a timely word in a recent issue of a daily paper. "It isn't the worldly prestige you gain or the money you amass that brings real wealth," he says. To my mind, real wealth is happiness; and do

you know, happiness is under your vest, not in your wallet. Happiness isn't a question of externals. It can't be found in the next street or the next town. If men were not so blind, they might be able to find it in their hearts.

"My kingdom for a horse!" cried Richard III of England amid the press of Bosworth Field. "My kingdom for a moment!" said Queen Elizabeth on her deathbed. And millions of others, when they have felt earth, its riches and power, slipping from their grasp, have shown plainly that deep down in their hearts they value such things as naught, when compared with the light of life, the stars and flowers, the companionship of friends, the opportunity of growth and development here in preparation for the future life — and last but not least, the approval of their conscience and the gentle judgment of their God. Thank God! there are some things beyond the reach of influence and better than the madness for a brownstone front. Gold cannot vie with virtue, for it and social position do not create manhood nor womanhood. Tennyson has well expressed a truism when he wrote the old familiar lines:

"Howe'er it be, it seems to me

'Tis only noble to be good.

Kind hearts are more than coronets,

And simple faith than Norman blood."

To be good, should be the first goal of every man and woman. As for me, I would rather have a cheap coffin and a plain funeral after a useful, unselfish life, than a grand mausoleum and the plaudits of sycophants after a loveless, selfish one. One man's heart makes him a king in a hovel, another's a wretch in a palace. It is in the heart that we find the El Dorado for which we scour the world in vain. "I revere the man," says Emerson, "who is riches." A rich mind and a noble spirit will cast a radiance of beauty over the humblest home. Whoever uplifts civilization is rich, though he die penniless; and future generations will erect his monument, if not of granite, then, what is of infinitely more value, an imperishable one in their hearts.

Are we tender, true, loving, self-denying, honest, trying to fashion our frail life after that model Man of Nazareth, who even to those who do not believe in his Godhead, still is admittedly the one Man without blemish?

If so, then, though our pockets are often empty, we have an inheritance which is as overwhelmingly precious as it is eternally incorruptible.

"Do you know, Sir," said a devotee of Mammon to John Bright, "that I am worth a million?" "Yes," said Bright, "I do; and I know that is *all* you are worth." Paul was never so great as when he occupied a prison-cell. Christ reached the height of His success when smitten, spat upon, tormented, crucified. He cried out in the most excruciating agony, and shortly afterward He uttered the cry for which man strives and labors and never can really and truthfully utter: "It is finished. My work is done, and there's nothing left undone."

A few more years, and we will all have vanished from this life. We shall be equal only in physical stature in the grave. In the value of our souls we shall be unequal in our measure, and gold will not be the criterion, the standard used to differentiate. It will be a question of deeds. The widow's penny will outweigh the millionaire's silken purse of gold. The lowliest may, and probably will, have developed into the noblest of them all. The coin that passes current in

11094

the realm of the future is not gold, but good deeds, kind words, loving hearts.

“Rugged strength and radiant beauty,
These were in Dame Nature’s place —
But humble toil and heavenward duty,
These will make the perfect man.”

(SARAH J. HALE)



Opportunity

NO MAN is born into this world whose work is not born with him. Whatever you are by nature, keep to it. "Never desert your talent," says Sydney Smith. "Be what nature intended you for, and you will succeed; be anything else and you will be ten thousand times worse than nothing." "Every man has got a fort," said the American humorist, Artemus Ward. "It's some men's fort to do one thing, and some other men's fort to do another, while there are numerous shiftless critters 'round loose, whose fort it not to do nothin'." It is the shiftless kind, those who shirk work, who, like Micawber, stand about waiting for something to turn up. Things do not adjust themselves for us without our active co-operation. The best part of any man's life is the future. It is that which determines the quality of the present and gives significance to the past. Tomorrow is the sky of today, and it is the sky that gives light and beauty and

warmth to earth. Looking back upon the pages of history, we shall find that it was the character, the personality, that adjusted things. Did things adjust themselves when the Roman Horatius with two companions held 90,000 Tuscans at bay until the bridge across the Tiber had been destroyed? Did things adjust themselves when Leonidas, the hero of Sparta, at Thermopylae checked the mighty march of Xerxes — or when Themistocles, the Greek general, off the coast of Greece shattered the Persian Armada? Was it mere chance when Caesar, the greatest of Romans, finding his army hard pressed, seized spear and buckler and fought in the ranks, while he reorganized his men and snatched victory from defeat? Or when Winkelreid, the Swiss patriot, gathered to his breast the sheaves of Austrian spears, thus opening a path through which his comrades pressed to freedom? Was it a matter of chance when poor Benedict Arnold, when still he was true to his country, by desperate daring at Saratoga won the battle which was given up as lost by General Gates, loitering near his distant tent? Did things adjust themselves for Napoleon when for years he did not lose a single battle in which he

was personally engaged? Or when Wellington, the conqueror of Napoleon, fought in many climes without ever being conquered? Was it chance when Blücher, known as "Marshal Vorwärts," who turned the tide against the great Napoleon, braved extinction to encompass Napoleon at Waterloo and succeeded by grasping the opportunity which Grouchy presented? When Ney, the bravest of Napoleon's marshals, on a hundred fields changed disaster into brilliant triumph? Or when Percy at the battle of Lake Erie, left the disabled Lawrence, rowed to the Niagara, and silenced the British guns? Was it mere luck when Sheridan, the great cavalryman of the Civil War, arrived from Winchester just as the Union retreat was becoming a rout and turned the tide by riding along the line? Or when Sherman on his march through Georgia to the sea signaled his men to hold the fort, though sorely pressed, and they held it knowing that their leader was coming. Did things adjust themselves when at San Juan Hill amid a deafening roar of cannon and musketry "blazing in their very faces," Teddy Roosevelt led his roughriders to capture the hill? When at Chateau Thierry and Belleau Woods our boys

in khaki turned the crimson tide of four years of carnage into the beginning of the end and stopped the victorious march of the enemy? These men did not wait for opportunities. As soon as they appeared, they grasped them and with determination utilized every one to its utmost. These men made history, it is true, but they made opportunity first. Weak men wait for opportunities, strong men make them. The lack of opportunity is ever the excuse of a weak and vacillating mind. Opportunities! Why, life is full of them. You will not, perhaps, find opportunities such as these great men of history, just enumerated, have had, but there is no lack of them for any man. Every lesson in school or college is an opportunity. Every examination is a chance in life. Every newspaper article is an opportunity. Every sermon is an opportunity. Every business transaction is an opportunity — an opportunity to be polite, to be manly, to be honest, an opportunity to make friends. Every proof of confidence in you, every responsibility thrust upon you, is of priceless value. Existence and success are the privilege of effort, and when that privilege is met like a man, opportunities along the line of

your aptitude will come faster than you can use them. If a slave like Frederic Douglass can elevate himself into an orator, editor, and statesman, what ought the poorest white boy or girl do, who is rich in opportunities compared with Douglass, who did not own even his own body! It is the idle man who is always complaining that he has no time or opportunity. Some young men and young women will make more out of the odds and ends of opportunities, which many carelessly throw away, than others will get out of a whole lifetime. Destiny has turned down many a man while he was waiting for something to turn up. Lost opportunities seldom find their way back. When they come, they come silently. They are not heralded by a brass band, but opportunity does come to knock at the door of everyone of us. Hence we must be alert, for opportunity will knock at our door, but it will not break down the door to get it. There is an ancient legend that had the Greek sculptor, Lysippus, construct a statue of opportunity passing by the doors of men. Opportunity was represented as having no ears, lest it be called back by men, who had neglected to seize it as it passed. The back of the head was bald,

lest men might seize it as it was going by. But on its forehead was an extra long tuft of hair, that men, accosting opportunity along their way, might lay hold on it and keep it with them. Opportunities are like apples. If you pick them too soon, they are green, and if you wait too long, they are rotten. So many people nowadays are always willing and wishing and hoping to do something, but they loll back and miss one opportunity after another, because they are unable to recognize them as they come. They always have half a mind to do something, but never do anything, forgetting that half a mind to is equal to a whole mind not to. As a result, many a time they imagine they are embracing an opportunity, when later on they discover they were merely hugging a delusion. The things that come to him who waits are seldom the things that he has been waiting for. The old saying, "Everything comes to him who waits," is not exactly true. It is true that opportunities will come, but why wait for them? Why not go out and make them? Why wait for opportunity to knock at your door, why not go and knock at the door of opportunity?

Opportunities are not strange things; they are for the most home-made.

All men are born helpless. But the sad fact of so many lives is this, that they remain so. They are content to drift with the majority. They seek no opportunities for themselves. Yet, as the poet has said,

“The man who fears to stand alone,
But follows where the greater number
tread,
Should hasten to his rest beneath the
stone:
The great majority of men are dead.”

Success, and with it happiness, comes only when we do not merely follow in the footsteps of our competitors, but when, with all there is in us, we endeavor to set the pace. People who report that business is coming back are the ones who went after it. To strike out should be the slogan of everyone who aspires to do something worth while. Therefore strike out in everything — except baseball. Do not join that great crowd of do-nothings or ne’er-do-wells, whose largest part of their anatomy is the wishbone and not the backbone.

On the other hand, do not stagnate in one

particular place or one particular line of endeavor, unless that line offers you sources of unending and surprising opportunities, for it has been well said, a

“Mouse that always trusts to one poor
hole,

Can never be a mouse of any soul.”

Open eyes will discover opportunities everywhere; open ears will never fail to detect the cries of those in need; open hearts will never want for worthy objects upon which to bestow their gifts; open hands will never lack for noble work to do.

So wait not merely for opportunity but make it. Make it as Ferguson made it when he calculated the distances of the stars with a handful of glass beads. Make it as George Stephenson made it when he mastered mathematics with a bit of chalk on the grimy sides of coal wagons in the mine.

Everybody knew that when a solid body was immersed in a vessel filled with water, the vessel would overflow, but no one made use of that knowledge until Archimedes saw therein the means of finding the cubical contents of objects, no matter how irregular.

Everybody knew how a suspended weight, when moved, sways back and forth until

friction and the resistance of the air will bring it to rest. But the boy, Galileo, as he watched the lamp, swinging in the Tower of Pisa, saw therein the principle of the pendulum.

Innumerable apples have fallen from trees, often even hitting heedless men on the head — as though to set them thinking — but only Newton realized that they fall to earth in obedience to some law — and so we have the law of gravitation applying to the earth and the heavens.

No doubt many of you have read the "Burial of Sir John Moore." He had fought as other generals had, with successes alternating with reverses. He was being hard pressed by Marshal Soult and just about kept his head above water. On the walls of Corunna he met his fate and might have lain there, as hundreds of others did, in an unrecorded grave, had not an ordinary Irish pastor, from a remote country parish, caught a glance of the lifeless warrior, as he was hurried to a hasty grave in the silence of the night. Little ceremony was observed at that burial, for, to use the words of the poet,

"Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note."

However, the lyre of the bard was struck, and Sir John, from oblivion passed to renown and honor. An opportunity presented itself, the poet recognized it, and Sir John has become immortal.

We must not only strike when the iron is hot, but also strike it till it is hot. He who waits to have his task marked out shall die and leave his errand unfulfilled. He who would succeed must pay the price, and that price is the recognition and seizing of opportunities, drawing out of them all there is in them, working with and employing the patience with which you have been blest. Let hope crystalize in your breast, then drop the last letter, "E", and "hop for it."



Self-help

EVERY person has two educations, one which he receives from others, and one, more important, which he gives himself. When Col. Crockett, the old pioneer and frontiersman, was elected to Congress from the then Wild West, he was known for his great courage, determination, and absolute dependence on himself. He voiced this one day as he came into the crowded chamber. A member cried out, "Make room for Col. Crockett!" "Col. Crockett makes room for himself!" cried the old frontiersman, as he elbowed his way to his seat. When a man takes the place which rightly belongs to him, everyone will concede that place to him. The consciousness of power, the knowledge that you have hewn your way to power, influence, or trust, will force all men to acknowledge that power, and that is everything. The man who is strongest, is the man who owes most to himself. Pestalozzi, the great educator, once said: "It is within yourself. It is in the

inner sense of your power that nature's instrument for your development resides." If you discount your abilities, fail to recognize the God-given power within yourself, you are bound to be a failure. If you consider yourself a worm of the dust, you may expect people to trample you. If you make a door-mat of yourself, people are sure to wipe their feet on you. All men are born helpless. The trouble is that a great many never outgrow it. From infancy they are taught and trained to rely and depend on others, and as a result, they are helpless, unless aided by others, when they grow up. They will drift along with the tide in which they happen to find themselves. They will never develop any initiative, but are content to follow the crowd. Yet by merely following the crowd you will never accomplish much. By following in the footsteps of your competitors, you will remain stagnant. Strike out for yourself. Set the pace for others to follow. That is real success. It has been well said that chances are against the man who refuses to take chances. Very little ever happens until you take your coat off and make it happen. Study the careers of our great men, and you will find that those

who, conscious of their power, depended upon themselves, took the initiative, and carried out their plans without fear and with a whole-souled intrepidity, are the ones that accomplished great things. Grant was no soldier fashioned by the manual of arms. Some of his greatest victories were contrary to all instructions in military textbooks. When he planned to invest Vicksburg, he did not dare to disclose his plans to Gen. Halleck, the commander-in-chief. He knew Halleck was a "book-made soldier," following blindly the tactics laid down by the West Point manual, and would refuse to recognize any other plan. Grant even cut his own communications with Washington for seven days, so that no orders could reach him. Yet his capture of Vicksburg is hailed today as one of the most daring and brilliant campaigns ever conceived in the mind of a military genius. Assistance from others is seldom satisfactory. The best plan is not to require it. It is not the men who have inherited most who have risen highest, but rather men with no start, who have won fortunes and have made adverse circumstances a spur to goad them on. "It is not birth," says the poet, "nor rank, nor state.

But 'get up and get' that makes men great." Self-help is the only help that will make strong, vigorous lives. If a man has the right material in his backbone, it doesn't matter whether he was born with a silver spoon in his mouth or an iron ladle. When Lincoln was asked to name his family coat of arms, he replied: "A pair of shirtsleeves." And the elbow grease within these shirtsleeves is the essential oil of industry. When a man dies and leaves his millions to his son, what has he given him? Nothing, except the means to loaf, to become a barnacle on the face of the world, to be useless. The discipline, the power, the experience, the achieving; the joy felt in growth, the trained character, the habits of accuracy, promptness, patience, honesty — all these meant a great deal for him. To his heir they mean nothing. They were wings to him, they are a dead weight to his son. They were education to him — to the heir they mean inaction, lethargy, indolence, and weakness. He has taken the spur away from him. He thought to spare him drudgery and privations. And yet with his money he has put a crutch into his hand, instead of a staff. Men who are bolstered up all their lives are sel-

dom good for anything in a crisis. When misfortune overtakes them, they whiningly and pleadingly look around for some one to help them. If the prop is not there, and the help is not forthcoming — down they go. Once down, they are as helpless as capsized turtles. Many a man has won great success because the props were knocked out from under him. He was forced to stand upon his own feet. A man's best friends are his ten fingers. A story is told of a bankrupt who returned home and said to his wife: "I am a ruined man. Everything is in the hands of a sheriff to be sold for what it will bring." His wife looked into his haggard and agonized face and said: "Will the sheriff sell you?" "No." "Will he sell me?" "No." "Will he sell our children?" "No." "Then do not say you have lost everything. All that is most valuable in life is still left us. We have lost only the fruits of our labor. We can make another fortune if our hearts and hands are left us." But whatever you do, don't sit down and say, "I can't." Suppose you "can't"; that is just the reason why you should say, "I will." If you act courageously, with determination and pluck, the final consonant will soon drop from "I can't." The

motto of Chicago, "I will," is the motto of every successful man the world over. The man who gets there acts as his own crutch. He does not lean on others. Dependence on one's self has ever been the best substitute for friends, influence, capital, a pedigree, or assistance. It has mastered more obstacles, overcome more difficulties, carried through more enterprises, perfected more inventions, than any other human quality. The man who can stand alone, who is not afraid of difficulties, who believes in his own inherent power to do things — he is the man who will win. When Beethoven was examining a work, he found written at the end, "Finis with God's help." He wrote under it, "Man, help yourself, and God will help you." A humorous story is told of a party of tourists on a little lake in Scotland. A white squall caught the party and threatened to capsize the boat. When it seemed that the crisis had really come, the largest and strongest man of the party, in a state of intense fear, cried out, "Let us pray." "No, no, me mon," shouted the bluff old boatman. "Let the wee little man pray. Ye take an oar." It has been truly said that one of the most disgusting sights in the world is that of a

young man with healthy blood, broad shoulders, presentable calves, and 150 lbs., more or less, of good bone and muscle standing with his hands in his pockets and longing and crying for help. Self-help is the creator of all great things in the world. How many young people falter, faint, and dally along, because they have no capital to start with and wait and wait for some good luck or some one to give them a lift! Where is the boy today who has less chance to rise in the world than Elihu Burritt? apprenticed to a blacksmith in whose shop he had to work at the forge all the daylight and often by candlelight, and yet he found time to study seven languages in a single year. Ninety percent of what is called "genius" is merely persistence, industry, downright hard work. Remember! "Inspiration is only perspiration." The lazier a man is, the more apt he is to speak of things done by genius and deplore his lack of that gift. Personal value is a coin of one's own minting. One is taken at the worth he has put into himself by his education and experience. The education, however, must be a practical one, not merely an education culled from books. In Strassbourg geese are crammed with food several

times a day, by forcing the food down their throats, with the finger. The geese are shut up in boxes, just large enough to hold them, and are not allowed any exercise. This is done to increase enormously the liver for *pate de fois gras*, the dish of Strassbourg. So in our day our youth is stuffed with education, their memories fattened with crammed facts, branches admitted into the curriculum of studies which will be of no value whatsoever, and all in the name of culture. Too many of our young minds are made junkhouses instead of storehouses. True teaching will create a thirst for real knowledge, and with such an education a young man or young woman is equipped for the struggle terminating in a successful life. All learning is self-teaching. It is upon the working of the pupil's own mind that his progress depends. The great business of the teacher is to teach the pupil how to teach himself. There is no royal road to knowledge. We invent labor-saving processes, seek short cuts to science, learn a language in twelve lessons without a master, we learn chemistry by listening to a lecture with experiments by the lecturer; we have learned H^2O is the formula for water, we have seen

green water turned to red, etc., and our smattering is complete. Though it is better than nothing, yet it is good for nothing, because the personal equation has been left out. Labor is still and ever will be the inevitable price set upon all that is valuable. The constant clang of your hammer means you will succeed. The constant clang of others' hammers means you have succeeded. Don't envy your neighbor's luck, envy and get some of his pluck. You are the architect of your own fortune. Rely upon your own strength of body and soul. Take for your motto: self-reliance, honesty, and industry; for you star: faith, perseverance, and pluck. Stay at the helm and steer your own ship. Fire above the mark you intend to hit. Assume your position and above all remember, if you put potatoes in a cart traveling over a rough road, the small potatoes will always go to the bottom.

The poet Saxe sums up what has been said when he writes:

"In battle or business, whatever the game,
In law or in love, it's ever the same.

In the struggle for power or the scramble
for pelf,

Let this be your motto, "Rely on yourself."

Work

THE life of man in this world is for the most part a life of work. It is the normal condition of man to labor, without which the success for which all of us crave is impossible. Every man, worth calling a man, should be willing and able to work. The honest laboring man finds work necessary for his sustenance; but it is equally necessary for men of all conditions and in every relationship of life. We are wont to speak of the living which the world owes us. There is only one successful collector of that debt, and that is labor, work. Work is the very blood, the very bone of existence, for without it we would rot. Work is indeed the price set upon everything which is valuable. Nothing can be accomplished without it. If you read the first chapter of *Genesis*, you will find that work was consecrated by God even before the beginning of the world, for there, even the creative energy of the Almighty is called "work." That same consecration was

more graphically repeated when Christ, the Master, came upon this earth. The hands of the Christ were hands which had been bathed in the sweat of labor, hands which had experienced the numbness of work, hands which were rendered callous, hands which had become accustomed to the handling of craftman's tools — the hands of a workingman. Work is not only a necessity, it is law. Enunciated by the Creator, as a curse in Paradise — "In the sweat of thy brow thou shalt eat thy bread." But since then, with Christ in the van of the toilers, work has become consecrated; it has become even a pleasure. Labor is the parent of all the lasting wonders of the world, whether in verse or in stone, whether in poetry or in pyramids.

It is a sad commentary on the mistaken ideas of some, who send their children to school, not to train them to work, but to have them taught how to live without working, or by working as little as possible. They fail to realize that to banish work from the lives of their children is to make of them barnacles attaching to the world, parasites feeding upon the industry of others, useless to the world and useless even to themselves.

When a clerk tells you he quits at 4.30 or 5, you may rest assured you will never see his name over a front door. This dislike for work, this intense striving to do as little as possible for as much as possible, is one of the sad characteristics of this 20th century.

A story is told of an industrial commission looking over a plant. While the investigators were busy, the whistle blew. The workmen put up their tools and vanished as if by magic.

"Do all the men drop their tools the moment the whistle blows?" asked one of the commission. "No; not all," said the guide; "the more orderly men have their tools put away by that time."

To the shame of man be it said that, outside of himself, there is not an idle atom in the universe. Everything is working out its God-given mission. It is the one great law of the world: to labor and to strive. It is a natural law that, the moment activity ceases, a retrograde process begins; we begin to go back. The moment we cease to use our faculties, that moment these faculties begin to slacken, to deteriorate. "The powers that know enjoyment are the powers that find employment," is a very wise old saw.

Work should be a tonic, a joy. We should fall in love with our work, and if we do, we will accomplish twice as much as when we do it reluctantly. Work is like the human race — you can learn to love it by looking at its bright side. Unless you put your whole heart and soul into your work, you brutify your labor — for a horse labors. We should never forget that God gives food for every bird, but He does not throw it into the nest. Abe Lincoln with his axe is decidedly a more inspiring picture than John D. with his golfstick. As some one has wittily said, "Even a mosquito rarely receives a pat on the back until he goes to work."

A beatitude I would like to add to the eight of Christ is this: "Blessed is he who puts his whole heart into his work, for at the end of the day his work will sing to him."

Investigate the history of the successful men of today, men whose names are inscribed upon the roster of fame, and you will find that the outstanding characteristic of their careers is work, labor unceasing. They recognized that "labor omnia vincit" — "Labor conquers all things" — is as true to-day

as when first uttered by the sages of Rome.

Michelangelo, when 60 years of age and no longer robust, would make the fragments of marble fly about at such a rate that he cut off more in a quarter of an hour than three strong men could have done in an hour. It would seem natural that this man, to whom commissions came nearly every day for great works, and one at that advanced age, would have employed a number of assistants, to whom he could have given his carefully prepared models for them to reproduce, that thus they might lighten his work; but no! he performed the whole of his work. He studied anatomy for twelve years, nearly ruining his health. He made every tool he used, files, chisels, pincers, and what not. In painting he prepared all his own colors and would allow no one else to mix them for him.

Raphael, dying as a young man in his 37th year, left behind him 287 pictures, masterpieces most of them, and over 500 drawings. What a lesson is this brief life for the indolent and lazy youth of our day!

Leonardo da Vinci would go to his work at daybreak and not come down from the scaffolding to eat or drink or rest till the light left him.

Chas. Darwin collected facts with almost incredible care and diligence. One of his subjects of inquiry was the action of the earthworm in the formation of mold. In 1842 he scattered broken chalk over a field to test their action. In 1871, 29 years later, he dug a trench to ascertain the result of his studies. How few could or would have worked and waited so long and patiently for the outcome of a single experiment!

Peter the Great, Czar of Russia, won his crown by hard toil. He laid aside his royal robes and wore workmen's clothes. At 26 he started on a tour, not of pleasure, but of hard work. In little Holland he served apprenticeship to a shipbuilder. In England he worked in paper-mills, sawmills, rope-yards, watchmakers' shops, and other manufactories, and received in all of them the pay of a common laborer. At Istia he learned to work iron at Müllers' forges. One of the bars of iron forged by him is still shown at Istia.

Demosthenes made no secret of the pains he took to forge his thunderbolts against Philip. Plato wrote the first sentence of his "Republic" nine different ways before he could satisfy himself. Pope spent whole

days over a single couplet; Charlotte Brontë, an hour over a word.

"People sometimes attribute my success to my genius," said Alexander Hamilton. "Nonsense! All the genius I know anything about is hard work." Another famous man of our day has tersely expressed the same thought when he said, "Inspiration is only perspiration."

In Africa the dark-skinned natives, whom we consider savages, recognize the need of doing work and of being useful by training a child while it is learning to walk to carry a calabash on its little head.

Honest work is never thrown away. No kernel of nourishing corn can come to one except through one's toil in the field that is given him to till. Even though we might dig in the field and fail to find the imaginary treasure; at any rate, by our labor we have enriched that field.

I wonder how many realize that hard work is a prayer that is always answered. It secures the rich reward of rest. We must rest to be able to work, and we must work in order to be able to enjoy rest. Only too many of us are like Micawber in Chas. Dickens' great novel, "David Copperfield,"

who was always waiting for "something to turn up." We can't afford to be modern Micawbers, to live on hope with our arms folded. Fortune smiles on those only who roll up their sleeves and put their shoulders to the wheel.

No man who will not work can possibly be a good man. But the honest toiler will find in his work the very secret of success, the fulfilment of the laws of nature and of his God; he will gain the respect of his fellow-man and merit the approval of his Divine Master, a toiler like himself.

A story is told of an old Franciscan monk who lay dying in his cell. For the greater part of his life he had been the tailor of the monastery. In his last moments he asked the attendants at his bedside to bring his "key of heaven." They brought him a prayer-book of that name, but he shook his head. They brought a crucifix, but still the old man shook his head. After a great many attempts to interpret his wishes, one brought him his needle, with which he had wrought so long and so well. The old dying friar clasped it to his bosom, smiled, and peacefully passed away. It was his "key to heav-

en," his self-sacrificing, obedient, faithful instrument of labor.

To find the key to our heaven, to our success, is to find the work that is ours to do, for

"There is work for the wise and eloquent
tongue,

There is work for the old, there is work
for the young.

There is work that tasks manhood's
strength and zeal

For his fireside's welfare, his country's
weal.

There is work that asks woman's gentle
hand,

Her pitying eye and her accents bland.
From the uttermost bounds of this earthly
ball

Is heard the loud cry: "There is work for
all."

And the man who wins is the man who
works,

Who neither labor nor trouble shirks,
Who uses his hand, his head, his eyes;
The man who wins is the man who tries."

Idleness

THERE must always be a negative and a positive pole to generate a current. And so in life everything has its counterpart. If such were not the case, all competitive activities would find an end, all inducements to fight and to achieve would be lacking. So, too, work has its counterpart in idleness. In all the world there is no other danger so great as the danger of idleness; there is no privation so cruel, no suffering so pitiful, as the need of occupation; there is no demand so imperative as the want of something to do. Occupation is the very life of life. As nature abhors a vacuum, so life abhors idleness. To *be* is to be occupied. A man *is* the thing that he does. Through the gate of idleness, how many men and women have marched useless on earth to a destroyed eternity. Spinola asked Horace Vere: "Of what did your brother die?" "Of having nothing to do," replied Vere. In a world crying for service there can be no neutrality.

One must be either useful or worthless. And the worthless are an unjust burden on society. Though they speak a dozen tongues and astonish us with the extent of their knowledge concerning trivial and inconsequential matters, they are but a travesty on education. Can it be possible in this world where there is so much suffering to be alleviated, so much darkness to be enlightened, so many burdens to be carried, so many ideas to be realized, so many things to be achieved, that there is any person who cannot find anything to do?

It is true, man is a lazy animal. We are all more or less prone to indolence and loafing; it is the easiest and most natural thing in the world for young people to accustom themselves to lying round or lounging because they think they are tired or not well. A lounge or a sofa is a positive curse in many a home, because it is such a temptation to lie down. A habit of giving in whenever you "don't feel like it" is fatal to all achievement and ruinous to self-discipline, poise, and dignity. Much so-called invalidism and fatigue is simply laziness personified. The world has no use for a lazy man,

God may use a weak man, but He won't use a lazy one.

DeQuincey pictures a woman, sailing over the water in a boat, awakening out of a sleep to find her necklace untied. One end hangs over the side of the boat and pearl after pearl drops into the stream. While she clutches at one just falling, another drops beyond her grasp. Like these pearls, our hours and days drop one after another and are forever beyond our reach. Omar Ibn Al Halif, the Arabian philosopher, tells us there are four things that do not come back: the spoken word, the sped arrow, the time past, the neglected opportunity. How many a man and woman have followed the "let-alone" principle and allowed opportunity after opportunity to slip by until their lives were wasted, and they knew themselves abject failures. The "let-alone" principle is dangerous. Let your brain alone, and you will become an imbecile. Let your land alone, and you will become a pauper. Let your neighbor alone, and you will become selfish. Let your home alone, and it will be the center of a patch of weeds. Let your soul alone, and you will become devilish. Each day in the life of everyone of us should stand for

something. Neither heaven nor earth has any place for a drone. He is a libel on his species. It is better to carry a hod or wield a shovel in honest endeavor to be of some use to humanity, than to be nursed in luxury and to be a parasite feeding on the sweat of a fellow-man. It is only the man who has nothing to live for, who has no higher purpose to serve, who can afford to loaf, and he should be guarded as a menace to society. "Know thy work and do it like a Hercules," says Carlyle. One monster we have in the world — a lazy man. Indolence is to the mind what rust is to iron. Laziness grows on people. It begins as a cobweb and ends as an iron chain. The lazy man, called by Carlyle, a monster, is of as much use to the world as a dead man; yet the dead man takes up less room. The lazy man is really dead, but can't be buried. Idleness has well been called the "devil's pillow," for he sleeps soundly upon it. The lazy man in his indolence aims at nothing, and he generally hits. Many an opportunity has passed because some one was too lazy to grasp it. As a recent writer has figuratively expressed it: "Laziness is an undertaker who drops the shroud of obscurity over many a good man."

It is the paralysis of the soul. Next to a hypocrite, I believe, a lazy person is the most unsatisfactory specimen of his sex. As expressed by the poet Cowper:

"An idler is a watch that lacks both hands,
As useless if it goes as when it stands."

A lazy fellow one day declared to his friend: "I don't know what to do; I can't find bread for my family." "Neither can I," said his friend; "I have to work for it." Yet, there are only too many people in the world who lounge about, shirk work at every opportunity, and then declaim that the world owes them a living. When day breaks, some people are too lazy to make use of the pieces, as a wit has facetiously said. Only too often in our day laziness and self-preservation vie with each other in being nature's first law. If some people had to work in order to live, they wouldn't live long. They complain against fortune, and on closer inspection we find their complaint merely an apology for laziness. Who ever found fortune in the company of a loafer? Trying to dodge work tires more men than hard labor, and more people get crooked trying to avoid work than grow bent from too much of it. Loafers,

and by loafers I mean all idle men and women, are like weather-cocks continually going round and doing nothing. Do you know that there are from 100,000 to 125,000 vagrants in our land who are habitual "do-nothings," who are able to work and refuse to do so? There were no house detectives in the hotels or taverns of ancient Pompeii. On the walls were inscribed the words: "Otiosis locus non est hic. Descedo morator!" "This is no place for loafers. Lingerer, depart!" Look into the lives of those who habitually shirk work, and you will find their laziness coupled with ignorance and stupidity, for indolence and stupidity are first cousins. Laziness, it is true, is not a crime, but to my mind, it should be made one. — How many homes could be rendered pleasant, the rooms inviting, the surroundings beautiful, if only lazy people in the home would get out and work instead of staying in and lounge. And yet, strange to say, the lazier a man is, the more he works overtime, telling others what to do and how to do it. The human race is divided into two classes: Those who go ahead and do something, and those who sit and enquire, Why wasn't it done the other way? "Tomorrow" seems to be the slogan

of a lazy man, and wonderful will be his achievements "tomorrow!" It would not be well for anyone to call a lazy man a loafer, crazy, a neglecter of opportunities. It makes him angry. And yet the only way to make an impression on him is to make him angry. There may be a chance sometimes to induce him to work from pure contrariness, just to show you and surprise you.

Ninety percent of the convicts in a state prison were said to have gotten there because of idleness. And why should they not? The man who stands with his hands in his pockets month after month waiting for something to turn up, often turns up himself in jail. While a criminal was exchanging his own for a prison suit in a penitentiary, he remarked, "I never did a day's work in my life." No wonder he reached the state prison. There never was a truer saying than, "An idle brain is the devil's workshop." Satan at all times finds mischief for idle hands. He may tempt a busy man, but the idle man tempts the devil himself, for the man who does not find work for himself will always find the devil providing work for him. When the devil needs a good man in his business, he picks out a loafer. For a

loafer seems to have an idea that he is smarter than those who work, and it is hard to convince him of the contrary, and such always make good bait for the devil's hook. A lazy youth will always make a lazy man just as surely as a crooked sapling will grow into a crooked tree. Let me ask the lazy, indolent youth: "Who are you in the prime and vigor of your life that you should be exempt from life's burdens and duties and eat bread earned by the sweat of another's brow, when you never add a farthing to the coffers of the world? What if the sheep refuse the wool to cover your lazy back and its body to gratify your gluttonous stomach? What if the earth refuse bread to prolong your useless, idle life?"

Sloth wastes the body as water is corrupted unless it moves. The bicycle falls down the moment it stops, and so it is with life. Unless we stand up and are active, we shall fall by the wayside in the struggle of life. We ought always to remember that doing nothing is almost always equivalent to doing wrong. It is *doing* things, rather than just planning them, that makes all the difference between success and failure. In the struggle for achievement and success

there are three kinds of people — the wills, the can'ts, and the won'ts. The first — the wills — accomplish everything; the second — the can'ts — oppose everything; the third — the won'ts — fail in everything. The lazy man's occupation of killing time is the suicide of success. Let me ask those who are studying out the problem day after day of how to kill time — why not kill it by employing it?

Ah! If we would only realize it, we are beggars asleep upon bags of gold. Begin where you are, chances and opportunities are where you are, and work where you are. The hour which you are now wasting, dreaming of some far-off success, is crowded with possibilities. But it is only by assiduous work that we can dig up those bags of gold, it is by employing our time and our talents that we can achieve success. It is by using your opportunities that life becomes for you a gift from God, appreciated by the extent and grandeur of its achievements.

The emptiness and misery of idle life is well illustrated by the following letter written by a French countess to her absent count (we can well picture her lounging with a pad upon her knee) —

“Dear Husband:

“Not knowing what else to do, I will write to you. Not knowing what to say, I will now close.

“Wearily yours —”

Use the time given you by the generous hand of God, and you will know what to do. Use your intelligence — God-given as it is — and you will know what to say. In a word, work! and God's favor will come to you, success will crown your efforts, and health and prosperity will be your lot.



Obstacles

JUST as great men never wait for opportunities, but make them, so they do not wait for facilities or favoring circumstances — they recognize the possibilities of whatever is at hand, seize upon it, work out their problems, and thus with diligent labor and unflagging zeal master the situation. There is no open door to the temple of success. Everyone who enters makes his own door, which closes behind him to all others. The making of that door means work, will, and grit. All that is great and noble and true, in the history of the individual, as of the nations, is the result of infinite painstaking, perpetual plodding, common everyday work. Coupled with these will come difficulties, obstacles, hindrances of all kinds. Yet to the determined man they will prove but stepping-stones. Nay, I might go further and say, without them success attained would hardly be worth the having. True it is, if there is anything in man, prosperity will

soon bring it out; but obstacles, adversity, will knock it out. Place stumblingblocks in the way of a determined man, and he will make spurs of them to urge him on. Cripple him and load him down with an enormous debt, a debt of honor, not of justice, and he will write "Waverly Novels," as Scott did. Lock him up in a dungeon, and out of the vast storeroom of his mind he will write a history of the world, as Raleigh did. Put him in a cradle in a log-hut in the wilderness, take from him all opportunities of education, and he will find a law-book in a garbage barrel, walk twenty miles to obtain a life of Washington, and with the aid of a rush light, he will master language and politics, his heart will swell with pride for his country, and in a few years you will find him in the Capitol at the head of the greatest nation on the globe, and directing, with mind alert and breaking heart, the bloodiest war in our annals, as Lincoln did. "What does he know, who has not suffered?" asks a sage. Like the waters of Bethesda, of which we read in the Scriptures, a man must be troubled first before he can exercise the virtue there is in him. It is the roughness of the grindstone and the rough phases on life's

road that give the ax and the man the sharp edge. It is in the blackest soil that the fairest flowers grow, and the loftiest and strongest trees spring heavenward among the rocks. In nature itself we see the truth and the necessity of trial and work. He that would have the kernel must crack the nut. So in life we must drive through all obstacles, break down all hindrances in our way. It is only thus we can reach the kernel of life.

We find our youth at times complaining of the various difficulties they meet with in life, the lack of opportunity, the ever present bad luck. Yet what a revolution there would be in the minds of the twentieth century youth, if we could convince them of the one great fact, that there is something about the situation of being thrown absolutely upon one's own resources, with no possibility of outside help, that calls out the last reserve of effort, just as a mighty emergency, a great fire or other catastrophe, calls out powers which we never dream we possessed. The man who can stand alone, who is not afraid of difficulties, is the man who wins. The very mark of a real man is his willingness to stand alone, and his ability to alight on his

feet when thrown about and buffeted by circumstance. The very calamities which come upon us are our best educators. The very school of success and achievement and of character is adversity. Garfield, the barefooted farmer boy, knew well of what he spoke when he said: "Nine times out of ten, the best thing that can happen to a young man is to be tossed overboard and compelled to sink or swim. In all my acquaintance," he goes on to say, "I never knew a man to be drowned who was worth saving." If a young man is willing to push on to the goal which he has set for himself, he will find a way or make one. Franklin brings electricity from the clouds with a key. He needs no elaborate apparatus. Watt can take a used-up syringe and make a condensing engine. Dr. Black, with a pan of water and a thermometer, can discover latent heat. A Humphrey Davy can make wonderful discoveries with kitchen pots and pans; a Faraday, with ordinary bottles. There is no royal road to success. There is but one road — the old road of industry, grit, determination, and a contempt of obstacles.

"When I found I was black," said Dumas, the creator of Monte Christo, "I resolved to

live and do as if I was white and so force people to look below my skin."

Perhaps one of the greatest handicaps under which anyone can labor is a loss of sight — blindness. You have all heard of Helen Keller, the deaf, dumb, and blind girl, who has made of herself an accomplished student, able to put many a university graduate to shame. Astounding as are her acquirements, yet to my mind greater fame and honor goes to Anne Sullivan, who, with almost insurmountable obstacles, takes this girl, burdened with this threefold handicap, and makes of her an eighth wonder of the world. Only a short time ago I engaged the services of a blind piano-tuner, who with a blind wife are earning their living, rather than become a burden upon public or private charity. Though both are blind, he tunes pianos perfectly and intends to join an orchestra, while she has perfected her voice, both unable to distinguish one note from another by sight. Blind Fanny Crosby, writes 3000 hymns. Do you know that in the United States there are engaged in musical occupation 210 blind piano-tuners, 180 blind teachers of music in schools for the blind, 700 blind private tutors, 150 blind

organists? Schiller produced his greatest tragedies in the midst of suffering, amounting at times to exquisite torture. Mozart composed his great operas, and last of all his famous Requiem, when oppressed by debt and dying of disease. Beethoven produced those gems of melody amidst gloomy sorrow, almost totally deaf and blind. Heine, the German lyric, has well said: "Everywhere that a great soul gives utterance to its thoughts, there also is a Golgotha."

A distinguished scientist once said that when he encountered an apparently insuperable obstacle, he usually found himself on the brink of some discovery. Obstacles are, I dare say, necessary for real success. He that has never encountered them, he that has never known failure, never become acquainted with adversity, is but half acquainted with others or with himself, for constant success shows us but one side of the world. Men of mettle turn disappointment into helps, as the oyster turns into pearl the sand which annoys it and causes the abrasion to fester. The storm wind is necessary to the eagle to make him king of the heights — a force that lifts him on high. A kite will not fly unless it has a string

tying it down. The best tools receive their temper from fire, their edge from grinding. The very saints of God are made so by sorrow and trial, disappointment and pain. The harder the diamond, the more brilliant its luster and the greater the friction necessary to bring that luster out. The spark in the flint will slumber forever, until the steel strikes it in friction. The friction which retards a train upon the track, thereby robbing the engine of one quarter of its driving-power, is the very secret of its locomotion. Oil the track, remove the friction, and the train will not move an inch. A street-car comes to a stop on the slippery track, and a shovelful of sand, retarding it, sets it in motion again. An auto sunk in the slush of a melting spring and a burlap bag or plank, holding it back, will paradoxically drive it forward and give it momentum. It is not the placid water that makes a sailor, but the waves and the storm.

A story is told of Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale. When first she essayed to sing, her voice was harsh and raspy. A critic who heard her, in disgust said, "She can't sing, but her voice has possibilities. Let some one take ths passionless cantatrice,

court her, marry her, mistreat her, and in six months she will be the greatest singer in Europe." The critic, who was Goldschmit, himself married her, beat her, deserted her, crushed her, broke her heart, and lo! the prophetic words came true. Out of that broken heart came tones which God's feathered singers would find difficult to imitate. How true it is that you get more education out of a shock than out of the best methodic curriculum of studies! One song sung amid the storm of the elements is of more benefit than a whole concert when the sun is shining. The man who has not fought his way up to his own loaf and does not bear the scars of conflict, does not know the highest meaning of success.

"Aromatic plants bestow
No spicy fragrance while they grow;
But crushed, or trodden to the ground,
Diffuse their balmy sweets around."

(Goldsmith)

Thousands of great natural ability have been lost to the world, because they have not had to wrestle with obstacles, to struggle under difficulties, sufficient to stimulate into activity their dormant powers.

A teacher once said, "Do you wish to live without a trial? Then you wish to die but half a man." Without trial you cannot guess your own strength. Men do not learn to swim on a table. They must get into deep water and buffet the waves. There would be no plaudits for Gertrude Eberle if she swam in a placid pool of water. Hardship, trials, are the native soil of manhood and womanhood. Trials and hard experiences are tough teachers, but, always remember! — rugged schoolmasters make rugged pupils. Difficulties are God's messengers, and He Himself sends them—even to prove His own love and confidence. It is difficulty, trial, aye, even defeat, that turns bone to flint, gristle to muscle, makes men confident and invincible. The real man, even when he falls, will rise with more determination than before. Like a rubber ball, the harder the obstacle, the higher he rebounds.

"Boys and girls who are bound out," says a writer, "crowded out, kicked out, usually turn out, while those who do not have these disadvantages frequently fail to come out at all."

The statue latent in the block of marble would have slept forever, but for the blast-

ing, the chiseling, the polishing of the sculptor. The angel of our higher and nobler selves would remain forever unknown in the rough quarries of our lives, but for the blasting of affliction, the chiseling of obstacles, the sand-papering of a thousand annoyances.

So then

Be strong!

"We are not here to play, to dream, to drift;

We have our work to do, and loads to lift;

Shun not the struggle, — face it, — 'tis God's gift."



Trifles

THE poet Young tells us:

“Think naught a trifle, though it small
appear —

Small sands the mountains, moments make
the year —

And trifles do make life.”

Every day is a little life and our whole life is but a day repeated. And as life is composed of small moments, so the success of that life is made up of little things as well — trifles, if you will. Little words are the sweetest to hear, little charities fly farthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are the stillest, little hearts are the fullest, and little farms are the best tilled. Little books are read the most, and little songs, the songs of the nursery, the dearest loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little, little pearls, little diamonds, little dewdrops. The prayer of Agar is a

model prayer; but then, it is a little one, and the burden of the petition is for but little, yet the whole mother-heart is encompassed within. The Sermon on the Mount is little, but it contains within itself the whole code of morality. Life is made up of the littles. Day is made up of little beams, and night is glorious with little stars. We stand amazed at the gigantic rush of waters at Niagara, we marvel at the stupendous manifestation of nature, but we do not love it, we stand beside the rippling brook, we lie down cozily with the mountain rill bubbling at our feet, and we rest content — it is a loved spot.

The history of many a failure could be written in these words: "Neglectful of trifles" — lack of detail. Only he bids fair to become a great man who is able to see great things where others see but little things. Ruskin sees a whole poem in a rose or a lily, while another would not go a yard out of his way to see a sunset, which Ruskin would feed upon for a year. Small things become great when a great soul sees them. One of the hardest things to learn is that the greatest lives are made up of trifles. Great things occur but rarely in any of our

lives. It is the steady stream of little things, trifles, seemingly unimportant events, experiences so small as to scarcely leave a trace behind, which make the sum total of our lives. An anonymous poet has well described this fact when he says:

“The massive gates of circumstance
Are turned upon the smallest hinge;
And thus some seeming pettiest chance
Oft gives our lives its after tinge.
The trifles of our daily lives,
The common things scarce worth recall,
Whereof no visible trace survives —
These are the main springs after all.”

A glance at our own daily lives, and we shall find the experiences of the day, for the most part, small. According to Scripture it is the little foxes that spoil the vines. Mites play mischief with our meal, with our cheese, moths with our woollens and furs, mice in our pantries. More than half of our diseases are produced by infinitesimal creatures called microbes, or germs. A scratch of a pin or of a knife-blade, and death from tetanus, or lockjaw, is the result; a step upon a tack, the rust enters the blood, and death is the result; a tight-fitting shoe, abrading

the skin, and tetanus is the consequence. A cut from the sharp edge of a piece of paper, and blood-poisoning hurries the victim on to death. Biting the finger-nails and biting into the quick has more than once brought on death. A child playing with a match, and a conflagration is the result. The breaking of a hairspring in an engineer's watch and two minutes silence, and two crowded express trains, under fearful headway, come together — a crash! and sorrow is spread over scores of happy homes. Glance at the pages of history and notice how trifling things have changed the fate of nations and kingdoms.

A fair face and a winsome smile led to the ten-year siege of Troy and inspired Homer to write one of the great epics of the world.

The Bucket of Modena was the cause of endless strife. In 1005 some soldiers ran away with the bucket of the well belonging to Bologna. The thing may have been worth a quarter, but it produced a quarrel and a war lasting a score of years.

The Crimean War, with its appalling loss of life, grew out of the refusal to give up the key to a church in Jerusalem. Greek rose against Latin — Russia and France

took sides — England sided with France, and from that trifling beginning came the "Charge of the 600" — the destruction of thousands of brave men.

Congress met near a livery stable to discuss the Declaration of Independence. In their knee-breeches and silk stockings the members were exceedingly annoyed by flies. Hence they cut short the debate and affixed their signatures.

The cackling of a goose aroused the sentinels and saved Rome from the Gauls.

The cry of the infant Moses attracted the attention of Pharaoh's daughter and gave the Jews a lawgiver.

Anne Boleyn's smile split the great Church of Rome in England and changed that nation's destiny.

Cromwell was about to sail for America when a law was passed prohibiting emigration. Who can tell what the history of Great Britain would have been had he not been thus detained?

The theft of a necklace from Queen Marie Antoinette convulsed Europe and brought her to the guillotine.

Turn to the realm of science, and you will be astounded how many of the inventions

which we enjoy today were the result of trifling causes.

Louis Pasteur was an usher in a lyceum. On a walk with the boys in his charge he looked into a microscope, which one of them had brought along. It was the starting of a boy on the "microscopic" career which has made men stand in amazement.

Edison as he sang into the mouthpiece of a telephone noticed that the vibrations of his voice caused a fine steel point to pierce one of his fingers just behind it. If he could record the motions of that point and send it over the same surface, he thought, he could make it talk. He did so, and we have the phonograph.

The web of a spider suggested to Capt. Brown the idea of a suspension bridge.

Lorenz Coster to amuse his children cut their names in the bark of trees. As he carved, the thought came to him that if the letters were made in blocks and wet with color, they would make clear impressions. So he made blocks and with the aid of Gutenberg invented printing.

The children of a spectacle-maker placed two or more pairs of spectacles before each other in play and told their father that dis-

tant objects looked larger. From this hint came the telescope.

Goodyear discovered how to vulcanize rubber by forgetting, until it became red hot, a skillet containing a compound which he had before considered worthless.

A shipworm's boring a piece of wood suggested to Sir Brunel the idea of a tunnel under the Thames at London. A soldier of the Civil War observed a bird hulling rice and shot it. He took its bill as a model, and from it he constructed a machine which revolutionized the rice industry.

In the early days of cotton-spinning the workmen would be forced at times to stop work and cleanse their looms. One young man attracted the attention of Robert Peel, because he kept his machine in motion continually. Mr. Peel sent for him and after promising him a substantial reward — which at the young fellow's request was a pot of ale every day of his life — he obtained the secret — and that secret was a mere trifle — “Chalk your bobbins!” I wonder how many know that the tobacco seed from which cigaret tobacco is grown is so tiny that a spoonful will produce plants enough to cover ten acres?

Those of you who are acquainted with the work of Doyle, Arthur Train, Gaboriau, and others, and love to follow the unraveling of plots and crime, will remember that the Great Parisian secret-service man, Vidocq, Doyle's masterful creation, Sherlock Holmes and Train's, Craig Kennedy depended entirely on trifles — little things which would escape the eye of anyone else or even if seen would be ignored or cast aside as insignificant and worthless; yet to these men they were almost essential in the detection of crime.

The Indian in the use of little things and his observation of them would put many an educated man to shame. Returning home, an Indian discovered that his venison was stolen. He started after the thief. Meeting a man on the way, he asked him if he had seen a little, old, white man with a short gun and a small bob-tailed dog. The man told him he had met such a man, but was surprised to find that the Indian had never seen the one he described. He asked the Indian how he could give such an accurate description of one whom he had never seen. "I knew the thief was a little man," said the Indian, "because he rolled up a stone to stand on.

I knew he was an old man by his short steps, I knew he was a white man by his turning out his toes in walking, which an Indian never does. I knew he had a short gun by the mark it left on a tree where he had stood it up. I knew the dog was small by his tracks, and that he had a bob-tail, by the mark left in the dust where he sat."

Who can calculate the power of the smallest trifle, when a mud crack swells into a Mississippi flood, and the stealing of a penny may end on the scaffold; when a small leak will sink a great ship, and one acorn contains the forests of a country; when a little dispute, a flash of temper, a little trigger is pulled and a life is gone, perhaps two.

"For want of a nail the shoe was lost —
For want of a shoe the horse was lost —
For want of a horse the rider was lost:
and all," says Poor Richard, "all for want of a horse-shoe nail."

"Words are things," says Byron, "and a little drop of ink falling like dew upon a thought produces that which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think." Green, the historian, well says: "The world is moved, not only by the mighty shoves of heroes, but

also by the aggregate of the tiny pushes of each honest worker." Well has it been said that the "least of seeds, greatest of all harvests" seems to be one of nature's laws. All life comes from microscopic beginnings. In nature there is nothing small. The microscope reveals as great a world below as the telescope above. All of nature's laws govern the smallest atoms, and a single drop of water is a miniature ocean. Christ Himself has promised the greatest reward for those who are careful of little things. "He that is faithful in that which is least is faithful also in much.

"Little by little, sure and slow,
We fashion our future of bliss or of woe.
As the present passes away.
Our feet are climbing the stairway bright,
Up to the region of endless light,
Or gliding downward into the night,
Little by little and day by day."



Will-power

IN ORDER that we may be able to help ourselves on the way that leads to success, it is not sufficient to recognize within ourselves the latent power of doing things, but we must cultivate an iron will, a firm determination, to employ that power and direct it into its proper channel. We must take for our motto that of Richard B. Sheridan: "It is in me, and it's got to come out of me." The greatest thing a man can do for himself in this world, is to make the most possible out of the stuff that has been given him. This is real success, and there is no other. Nearly all great men, those who have ascended the ladder of success to its topmost rung, were remarkable, not so much for their genius as for their indomitable energy of will. They recognized their powers and were determined to make the best use possible of them. Of Caesar it was said that it was his untiring energy and iron will which gave him his military successes, rather than

his military skill. The youth, as some one has said, who starts out in life determined to make the most of his eyes, and let nothing escape him, which he can possibly use for his betterment or advancement; who keeps his ears open for every sound that can help him on his way; who keeps his hands open that he may clutch every opportunity; who is ever on the alert for everything which can be of any assistance to him; who seizes every experience and grinds it up into paint for his life's picture; who keeps his heart open that he may catch every noble impulse and inspiration — that youth will surely make his life a successful one. There are no "ifs" or "ands" about it. Give him health and the alphabet, and nothing can stop him. Success in life is largely dependent upon determination, or will-power. More failures can be traced to lack of will-power than to lack of strength. Shakespeare tells us that, "He lacks wit that wants resolved will." Goethe adds that, "He who is firm moulds the earth to himself." Resolute determination is ever the best wisdom and will bring results, where genius, lacking determination, will fail miserably. As some one has said, "A strong will is the

spinal column of personality." It is said of General Grant that, when a boy, he was unable to find the word "can't" in the dictionary. And Napoleon said, "It is only to be found in the dictionary of fools." Had he kept his powerful will when on the island of St. Helena, he would have melted down the island, rather than pine away to his death. But his last defeat broke his heart, and with it his will, and he died a prisoner. When Sir Walter Scott was 55 years of age, he found himself in debt for the enormous sum of \$600,000. He determined that every penny of it should be paid. Ill, and no longer young, he set to work. Every nerve and muscle seemed to whisper to him, "This debt must be paid." Every drop of blood that coursed through his veins pulsated with that one idea. And the debt was paid. Had he weakened, had he vacillated, his physical condition would have precluded all successful effort. But his iron will, that dogged resolution to rehabilitate himself in the eye of the world, gave added strength to the other faculties of his body and brain. The haggard and emaciated face of Rufus Choate showed forth the agony of mind and body, portrayed the conflict be-

tween his resolute will and the hand of death. When a friend remonstrated with him because by his incessant toil he was ruining his constitution, he said: "Good heavens! Man! My constitution was gone long ago. I am living on the by-laws." Among the many causes of failure, none is more frequent than feebleness of the will, which is indicated by spasmodic action, fitful effort, or lack of persistence. Young people start out in life determined to do a great deal. They start, as the saying is, "like a house afire." Some obstacles come in the way, they find opposition, either on the part of others, or owing to circumstances, and those obstacles, this opposition, looks like insurmountable barriers, with the result that they lose heart, their persistence dwindles away, and disheartened they give up the ship.

Not so when there is an iron will. Bismarck had the opposition, not only of the kingdoms of Germany, but the antagonism of the entire continent; yet, he forged his way through all hindrances and moulded the German Empire. No wonder he was called the "Iron Chancellor." It was the grim determination of the General commanding at Ver-

dun that prevented the German army from demolishing the great fortress and clearing a way through all France. When hard pressed and on the point of disaster, he cried out: "They shall not pass!" and they did not pass. Morton ran sixteen times in vain for Governor of Massachusetts, when his opponents, admiring his pluck and determination, voted for him, and he was elected by a majority of one. Difficulties for a heart of steel and a will of iron are a stimulus and food; they are his gymnasium and track where his nerves and muscles and brain and heart acquire new strength. D'Israeli, Lord Beaconsfield, Premier of England, came from a hated race. Without much education, without influential connections, he became a power in the intellectual world and a star of fashion in the most exclusive society of Europe. Coughed and hissed down in Parliament, he told the members that the time would come when they would hear him, and he fought on doggedly until they, under whose hisses and laughter he had writhed in agony, were made to crawl and wither in their turn under his terrible and biting sarcasm.

A strong will may be educated. It can and it must be analyzed. Unfortunately the composition of an iron will is sometimes pig-iron. But that would not be the proper ingredient to insure success. There is a vast difference between an iron will and stubbornness or obstinacy. A mule is stubborn, but you would not say he possessed will-power. Stubbornness comes from prejudice, ignorance, or misdirected energy. The man with a strong will knows how to yield, when yielding means stepping aside to get a better view or a stronger foothold. The stubborn man will not bend or stoop, and his stiff attitude will break him ultimately. A willow bends when a storm is on, but it bobs up serenely and keeps growing after the trouble is past. The man with will is like the willow. Stubbornness is one of the commonest human traits. Most people think it indicates strength of character and firm determination to hold out and make others give in. The truth is, stubbornness usually has nothing to do with strength. Stubbornness usually is accompanied by ignorance or stupidity, and the combination of stupidity and stubbornness is the worst in the world.

Yet, while desiring to impress upon my hearers the fact that will-power is essential to success, and that, other things being equal, the greater the will-power the greater the success, I do not mean to say that success is independent of environment and circumstances. It would be preposterous to claim that an iron will is the source of success in the sense, that it will always lead to the pinnacle of success' ladder. Everyone knows that circumstances do give clients to lawyers and patients to physicians; we all know that there are thousands of young men of superior ability, who are forced to remain in ordinary positions, when others about them are raised by money or influence into desirable places. As the proverb has it, "The worst pig sometimes gets the best pear." The best men do not always get the best places. Circumstances do have a great deal to do with our positions, salaries, and our stations in life. We all know that the old saying, "Where there's a will, there's a way," is not altogether true. There is not always a way where there is a will. Labor does not always conquer all things, there are things impossible even to those of an iron will. Yet the simple truth is, that a will

strong enough to keep a man continually striving for things will carry him very far toward his chosen goal. We must not expect to overcome a stubborn fact by a stubborn will. We merely by the force of our will can do anything within the limits of our strength and faculties. In the Scriptures you will perhaps remember reading how the master in the parable gave his servants five, two, and one talents respectively, which they were to use profitably. If you remember, the first brought back five other talents, the second brought back two, and the last preserved the talent, lest it be lost. The success of the first was greater than that of the second for the latter brought back only two against five. Yet in fact his success was equal to the first as he brought back 100 per cent, even as the first. So in life the position we acquire, the influence we gain, may be to all appearances less than that of some one else, yet if we use the faculties we have to their utmost, remain firm in our striving, we shall always deliver 100 per cent, and that is success. It is not a question of what some one else can do or become or has done and become — but what we ourselves can do, how we can develop

that which is in us into a grandest possible manhood.

Therefore we must cultivate a strong "will" and a strong "won't." A man's strength is estimated by his abilities to fight against odds, by the determination to surmount all difficulties, and above all the will must never falter. We must cultivate the quality of "stick-to-it-iveness." We may all learn from the lowly postage stamp, the secret of success. It sticks to one thing till it gets there. Hence do not be like so many of the failures of life, who are like bad mucilage — stick to nothing. This point is very well summed up in this line: "Put a go-getter on a limb, and he will start a branch-factory." A little doggerel verse under its catchiness has words of wisdom which all of us might well ponder:

"If you strike a rose or thorn —

Keep a-goin'!

If it hails or if it snows —

Keep a-goin'!

'Tain't no use to sit and whine

When the fish ain't on your line;

Bait your hook and keep a'tryin' —

Keep a-goin'!

“When the weather kills your crop —
Keep a-goin’!
Though ’tis work to reach the top —
Keep a-goin’!
’Spose you’re out of every dime;
Getting broke ain’t any crime;
Tell the world you’re feeling prime —
Keep a-goin’!

“When it looks like all is up —
Keep a-goin’!
Draw the sweetness from the cup —
Keep a-goin’!
See the wild birds on the wing,
Hear the bells that sweetly ring.
When you feel like singing, sing —
Keep a-goin’!”



Time

ONE OF the most important lessons to be learned by everyone who desires to get on in his calling or who would husband the talents a good God has given him is the art of economizing time. Time was once called by a prominent man his "Estate." And it is true of this as it is of most estates of which the young come into possession, that it is rarely prized, until it is nearly squandered. When life is fast waning, they wake up and, looking back upon their squandered lives, begin to think of profiting by spending their hours wisely. Lost wealth may be replaced by industry, lost knowledge by study, lost health by medicine, but lost time is gone forever.

If a man's time is valuable, he will not waste it. By wasting time a man only robs himself. He thereby becomes the assassin of his own opportunities, the murderer of his own success. The poet Young tells us that "Time destroyed is suicide, where more than

blood is spilt." "Dost thou love life?" asks Franklin; "then do not squander time, for that is the stuff life is made of." Eternity itself cannot restore the loss struck from the minute. Horace Mann once published an advertisement: "Lost! Somewhere between sunrise and sunset, two golden hours, set with sixty diamond minutes. No reward is offered, for they are gone forever." We find time wasters everywhere. The days come to us like friends in disguise, bringing priceless gifts from an unseen hand; but if we do not use them, they are borne silently away never to return. Time is caught by the tail more often than by the forelock, someone has said. It is only when we begin to realize the immense value of time that we try to bring it back. But alas! a labor that is lost, even as time itself. I entered an office down town not long ago. There, while waiting for the president, I spied a motto on his desk, which read as follows. "If time is money, I am broke." A hint not to waste the time of others, for those having ample time feel inclined to waste their own as well as that of others. Some people are like an hourglass. The more time you give them, the less sand they have. Yet time is the only thing a

human being cannot afford to lose. The gentle Fénelon once said: "God always gives but one moment at a time and does not give a second until He withdraws the first." Looking at people today, what wastrels of time we find them to be! If time were actually money, we all would have plenty of it, most of us would be millionaires. It is of no value to him who fails to use it. It is of no value to the loafer. It is his stock in trade. "There are no flies on Father Time" — as some one has said — "but time is always on the fly."

There are moments which are more than years. There is no proportion between spaces of time in importance nor in value. A stray unthought-of five minutes may contain the event of a life. And this important moment — who can tell when it is upon us? Could I but express fitly and impress strongly upon the youth of our day, particularly in this age of abandon and pleasure, the value of time, the value of spare moments! Our todays and yesterdays are the blocks with which we build.

Every moment is precious. Men who usually make good use of their time have none to spare. How often do we hear it said:

"It is only ten minutes to meal time. There is no time to do anything now." But oh! what great monuments have been built by boys with apparently no chance in the world, how many great achievements were the result of only a moment, the wise employment of broken fragments of time, the ten minutes which so many throw away as of but little importance. These very minutes wasted, if improved might have meant success. Marion Harland, of whom most of you have heard, accomplished wonders, and she did this only by economizing time. To shape her novels, prepare her newspaper articles, and answer the many questions put to her in the columns of newspapers to which she was a contributor she utilized the only spare moments left to her—so when her children were in bed and whenever she could get a spare minute between meals and the ordering of her home. Longfellow translated the "Inferno" by snatches of ten minutes a day, while waiting for his coffee to boil, persisting for years until his work was done. Gladstone through life always carried a little book in his pocket, lest an unexpected spare moment slip from his grasp. During an interview with a great

monarch Goethe suddenly excused himself, went into an adjoining room to jot down a thought, lest it should be forgotten. Pope would often rise in the night to write out thoughts that would not come to him during the day. George Stephenson learned arithmetic during the night-shifts when he was an engineer. Kirke White learned Greek while walking to and from the lawyer's office where he was employed. Lincoln studied law during his spare time, while surveying, and learned the common branches while he was tending store. Elihu Burritt acquired a mastery of eighteen languages and twenty-two dialects, and the most famous linguist the world has ever known, Cardinal Mezzofanti, sixty-two languages and fifty-two dialects, not by the power of rare genius, which only Mezzofanti possessed, but by improving the bits and fragments of time which the former could steal from his occupation as a blacksmith and the latter as a private tutor, field chaplain during the Franco-Russian war, both studying far into the night. The small stones that fill up the crevices, are almost as essential to the firm wall as the great stones. And so the wise use of spare time contributes not a little to

the building up of a man's mind and heart. True talent always takes time captive. A witty story is told of a professor in surgery, whose name became famous throughout the land in Johns Hopkins University which, besides its humor, contains a lesson well worth remembering. He was addressing the graduating class, and in the course of his remarks he said: "Gentlemen, you are going out into the world of action. You will likely follow in some degree the example of those who preceded you. Among other things you might marry. Let me entreat you to be kind to your wives. Be patient with them. Do not fret under domestic trials. When one of you asks your wife to go out, do not worry if she is not ready at the appointed time. Have a treatise on your specialty always with you. Read it while you wait. All I know of theoretic surgery was learned while sitting in my car waiting for my wife." His wife being present in the audience, the story does not tell whether he learnt anything at home in the spare moments before he and his wife retired.

The English martyr-poet Southwell urges the youth of his day, "Use thy time well while time is lent thee."

"Time is the warp of life. O tell
The young, the fair, the gay to weave it
well." (Byron)

Young, the poet, has a passage which eloquently emphasizes the value, the importance of time.

"Pay no moment, but in purchase of its
worth
And what its worth? Ask deathbeds.
They can tell."

Michael Faraday, while a bookbinder, devoted all his leisure moments to experiments. "Time is all I require," he wrote to a friend. "Oh, that I could purchase some of our modern gentlemen's spare hours, nay, days!" One hour a day withdrawn from frivolous pursuits would enable a man of ordinary capacity to master a science. An hour a day might make all the difference between bare existence and useful happy living. An hour a day might make and has made an unknown man a famous one, and a useless man a benefactor to his race. The man is yet unborn who rightly measures and fully realizes the value of an hour. The worst of a lost hour is not so much in the wasted time as in the wasted power. Not employing

time means idleness, and idleness rusts the nerves and makes the muscles flabby. Work has system, laziness has none. Lazy men are dead, but not buried. In manufacturing cloth a single broken thread ruins a whole web. But who shall calculate all the broken threads in life's great web? We cannot throw back and forth an empty shuttle; threads of some kind follow every movement, as we weave the web of our lives. It may be a shoddy thread of wasted hours or lost opportunities that will mar the fabric, or it may be a golden thread of useful work and time well employed which will add to its beauty and luster. We cannot stop the shuttle or pull out the unfortunate thread, which stretches across the fabric, the thread of wasted hours, days, aye, even years — a perpetual witness of our folly.

Don't defer your good deeds until you have time to do them. Very little good was ever done during hours of mere leisure and amusement. It is the men and women who are crowded with work, who have rounded out their careers, who become the benefactors of the race. No man is anxious about a young man or woman while they are employed in useful work or utilizing their time

in enriching their minds from the storehouse of literature or science or even by silent and thoughtful observation. But where does he or she eat his lunch at noon? Where does he go at night? What does he do after supper? Where does he spend his Sundays and holidays? How does he employ his spare moments? The answers to these questions reveal the real character. It is a fact backed up by statistics that the great majority of youth that go wrong are ruined after supper. Most of those who climb upward to honor and fame, achievement and character, devote their evenings to study or work or the society of the wise and the good. A young man or woman may be young in years, but old in hours, if he or she has not wasted them. You can't think if you always use your leisure for a "good time" so called. The head does not work well in concert with the feet. A "good time" has never inspired a good deed, nor has a votary of a "good time" ever set the world afire with enthusiasm for anything he or she has ever done. Recreation and rest and amusement are not begrudged anyone. But lack of occupation, frittering away time in *ceaseless* rounds of pleasure, are not rest and, as the poet says,

"A mind quite vacant is a mind distressed." Surely minds are decidedly vacant when they concern themselves only with having a "good time." There is no test like time. It shows up the bad in the best of us and the good in the worst of us. Time is but eternity torn into shreds, and the mark we leave upon these shreds is the mark which will remain upon our eternity. "Each morn is born anew," says the poet. "Each day a life. And shall we kill a day?" If trifles kill, surely vice must be a butcher. How soon the millennium would come if the good that people intend to do tomorrow were only done today. "Who knows most," says Dante, "him loss of time most grieves." "Time is the eternal mother who knits and darns and weaves away forever, fixing up her children's patches." It is time that covers the gnarled tree with lichens, the old walls with ivy, brings the green grass and the daisies to flourish above the graves, closes all wounds, hides all deformities, veils all ugliness with beauty, settles all quarrels, ends all wars.

"So moments seize!

For heaven's on their way — a moment
we may wish

When worlds want wealth to buy.”

To quote from Byron in conclusion:

“Oh time! the beautifier of the dead,
Adorner of the ruin — comforter
And only healer when the heart hath
bled —

Time! the corrector where our judgments
err,

The test of truth, love—sole philosopher—
For all besides are sophists.”



Promptness and Punctuality

IN CLOSE relationship with the value of time we find the great virtues of promptness and punctuality. We are told that "On the great clock of time there is but one word — *now*." How strange the threads of our destiny run! Oft it is only for a moment the favorable instant is presented. We miss it, and months and years are lost. A Spanish proverb has it, "When a fool has made up his mind, the market is gone by." And the poet Cervantes tells us, "by the street of 'by and by' we arrive at the house of 'never.' " And Shakespeare tells us, "Let's take the instant by the forward top." All these quotations merely mean this: *Be prompt*. When you have undertaken an obligation, be prompt to fulfil it, conscientiously considering not merely your own time, of which you have sole control, but first and above all the time of others, over which you have no control. "Haste, post, haste! Haste for thy life!" was written upon messages in the days

of Henry VIII of England. Letters were carried by messengers in those days and hanging was the penalty for delay. A picture of a gibbet with a corpse dangling from it was an incentive for the messenger to do his utmost to deliver the message in the shortest possible time. Delay always was a crime. Caesar's delay to read a message cost him his life. Colonel Rahl, as we know from our school-histories, lost the battle of Trenton owing to a few minutes delay. He was the commander of the Hessians in the Revolutionary War. He was playing cards, as the story goes, when a messenger brought him tidings of Washington's crossing the Delaware. He put the letter in his pocket until the game was finished. Meanwhile Washington was upon him, and he could rally his men only to see his troops scampering across the fields in disgraceful retreat and himself mortally wounded. He lost honor, liberty, and life.

Success is the child of two very plain parents—punctuality and accuracy. Ruskin tells us, "The whole period of youth is one essentially of formation, edification, and instruction. There is not an hour of it, but is trembling with destinies; — not a moment

of which, once passed, the appointed work can never be done again, or the neglected blow struck on cold iron." Napoleon was a veritable "crab," if I may so speak, on promptness and punctuality. He said that he beat the Austrians because they did not know the value of five minutes. At Waterloo, had General de Grouchy been prompt and punctual, the map of Europe would be entirely different today, and perhaps as an indirect result the World War would never have taken place. General Blücher, the German general, known on account of his promptitude as "Marshal Vorwärts" was steadily forging ahead of Grouchy. Napoleon would have won the field of Waterloo had Blücher been late and Grouchy on time. The truism holds that, what may be done at any time will be done at no time. Sydney Smith tells us that, in order to do anything in this world worth doing, we must not stand on the bank shivering, but jump in and scramble as well as we can. The energy wasted in postponing until tomorrow the duty of today would often do the whole work. How much harder and more disagreeable, too, it is to do postponed work! What would have been done at the time with pleasure or

even enthusiasm becomes drudgery after it has been put off or delayed. For this reason pigeon-holes in desks suggest only delay and procrastination. Many a man has dawdled away his success. "Tomorrow" is the devil's motto. All history is strewn with the wrecks of tomorrow, wrecks of delay, wrecks of procrastination. It is the alibi of sloth and incompetence. "Take the hours of recreation after business and not before," is a good maxim. The sad fact of life today is that most people neglect doing tomorrow what they have put off doing today. I have never known an employe to climb up very high or very rapidly, who does not make his promptness as well as his work a matter of conscience, who does not feel a sense of responsibility for the welfare of the concern he is working for. Putting off the easy makes it hard, putting off the hard makes it impossible. So many people nowadays miss it at the start of their lives, and at the end they sit around telling of the things they might have done. A character in the "Little Minister" said he was going to cut down a certain tree, which was in his way, but he kept on postponing it. The tree widened and grew tall. The man aged and

the tree stood. "I grew old looking for an ax," he said. We all know people who are all their lives announcing that they are going to do a certain thing, but they never get to it. They are always waiting for an ax, waiting for the most favorable opportunity, for just the right tools. The opportunity comes, and they fail to grasp it; the tools are just what are needed, but they fail to recognize them; the net result — work is delayed, success is bartered away merely on account of delay and laziness. Lazy people, it cannot be too often said, are dead; delayers are half dead. "Did you ring the bell?" asked a waiter of a guest whose dinner had been delayed quite awhile. "No; I tolled it. I thought you were dead," said the guest.

Remember,

"Time wears his locks before,
When he flees, he turns no more,
And behind his scalp is bare."

Intimately connected with promptness is punctuality. It has been said that an appointment is almost as sacred as the marriage relation. A man who fails to keep an appointment is practically a liar, unless, of course, he has a very valid reason. And the

world treats him as a liar. There is nothing so exasperating as to wait on the tardiness and laziness of another. Many a business man has lost all his prestige for lack of a scrupulous regard for the sanctity of an appointment. Even today I myself canceled a \$1000.00 contract because of the lack of punctuality. When a man's word cannot be relied upon, there is ample reason to suspect his capacity and his honesty as well. If I have made an appointment with anyone, I owe him punctuality. I have no right to throw away his time, even if I do throw away my own. Regularity and punctuality is the stern virtue of a business man and the graceful courtesy of princes. It is a cheap virtue, taking up none of your time, but rather utilizing it. The one who can be late when his own interests are at stake, is pretty sure to be late when yours are at stake. "Regularity is unity, and unity is godlike," is a very true saying. There are some people in the world who are never punctual, who are never on time, except to quit work. Dr. Fitch says, "I give it as my deliberate and solemn conviction that he who is tardy in meeting an appointment will never be respected or successful in life." When Presi-

dent Washington dined, new members of Congress invited to dine at the White House at four would sometimes arrive late and be mortified to find the President eating. "My cook," Washington would say, "never asks if the visitors have arrived, but if the hour has arrived." When his secretary excused the lateness of his attendance by saying that his watch was slow, Washington replied, "Then you must get a new watch or I a new secretary."

Napoleon once invited his marshals to dine with him. As they did not arrive at the time appointed, he began his meal without them. As he was rising from the table after having finished his meal, the marshals came in. "Gentlemen," said he, "as dinner is now past, we will immediately proceed to business." And he kept them engaged during the entire afternoon on empty stomachs.

John Quincy Adams was a veritable clock for Congress. Once a member said it was time to begin. "No," said another, "Adams is not in his seat." Three minutes afterward Adams arrived. It was then discovered that the clock was three minutes fast.

Punctuality is the soul of business as well

as of social intercourse. I have no patience with those who excuse themselves with "better late, than never." Why not make it "better never late"? Nothing inspires confidence sooner than punctuality, nor is there any habit which sooner saps one's reputation than that of being always behind time. Thousands have failed from this cause alone. He who needlessly breaks an appointment shows that he is as reckless in the wasting of others' time as of his own. It has been justly said that there is as much injustice, and cruelty even, in destroying a man's comfort during the five minutes you keep him waiting as in giving him an actual blow. But suppose ten or twenty men are kept waiting for one man — what shall we say of such conduct?

Punctuality is the life of the universe. The planets keep exact time in their revolutions. So in business, punctuality is the soul of industry, without which all wheels come to a dead stand. In social intercourse it is the secret of enjoyment, for waiting makes the soul peevish, dissatisfied, disgruntled and takes away from the engagement half its pleasure and joy.

Captain Cuttle had a watch of which he said if he could only remember to set it ahead half an hour in the forenoon and back a quarter of an hour in the afternoon, it would keep time with anybody's watch. Too many people have similar timekeepers — they are late at the office, late at the counting-rooms, late at the social enterprise, late at their friends'.

There is an old saying, "Take care of the pennies, and the dollars will take care of themselves." So in the time-currency, minutes are the precious pennies that saved or lost will make or break a man. Without punctuality men are kept in a perpetual state of worry, trouble and annoyance. "Too late" is the curse of life: too late for success, too late for respect. "Too late" may be read between the lines of many a tombstone inscription, too late — but not too late for ruin. The Bridegroom in the Scriptures came and was admitted by those who were prompt, who were punctual in providing the necessary oil. The foolish virgins were barred because they were "too late."

I would suggest that you, too, become a "crank," if I may so speak, on punctuality. Ever be on time. Let it be known to your

business associates, to your friends, that you are a stickler for appointments. It will pay you dividends in cash, in increased business, in character, in trust and confidence on the part of your fellow-man. The man who keeps his time, i. e., is punctual, will keep his word.

Many a wasted life dates its ruin from a lost five minutes. A few minutes often make all the difference between victory and defeat, success and failure.

Nixon Waterman offers s a verse pregnant with meaning.

“If you’ve found a task worth doing —

Do it now!

In delay there’s danger brewing —

Do it now!

Don’t you be a by and byer,

And a sluggish patience-tryer,

If there’s aught you would acquire —

Do it now!

“If you’d earn a prize worth owning —

Do it now!

Drop all waiting and postponing —

Do it now!

Say “I will” and then stick to it,

Choose your purpose and pursue it,

There's but one right way to do it —
Do it now!

"All we have is just this minute —
Do it now!

Find your duty and begin it —
Do it now!

Surely you're not always going
To be "a-going-to-be" and knowing —
You must some time make a showing —
So do it now!



Honesty vs. Dishonesty

CARLYLE once said: "What we need is upright, downright, straightforward, all-round men." We need men of character, and character means to be true blue in ourselves and in all our dealings with our fellow-men. One of the most outstanding characteristics of a true man is his love for truth, his honesty. There is nothing we can say of a human being, so praiseworthy as that he is honest, clean, and white to the very core of his being. A man may be a great genius, a giant in intellect, but great brilliancy of mind cannot be compared with plain, simple, downright honesty of character. Unfortunately, there are many men who live in the twilight, just between honesty and downright rascality. They are neither one nor the other. You cannot quite denounce them as dishonest, and still you have not enough of confidence in them to trust them. Others again are admittedly "clever," as the saying goes. They will not

hesitate to do a sharp piece of business, to use the ignorance of a fellow-man to insure their own aggrandizement, and excuse themselves that it is all in the line of business. Yet sterling character, real honesty, will shrink from sharp business, for it is always true that a sharper is a keen business man, yes, but with a dull conscience. Honesty is always definite. It has no blinders on. Honest business is always business, in which not merely one party to the transaction profits, but both. Any other kind of business is dishonest and a menace, not only to the commercial world, but to the community as well. The darkest day in any one's career is that on which he fancies there is some easier way of getting the dollar than by squarely earning it.

Last week I spoke of shams. There are shams in the business world as well as shams in private and social life. What we need today are men and women in the commercial world, who subscribe to, what I might call, the religion of honesty. That religion will find its way to the shoe-store and there rip away the fictitious soles and disclose the pasteboard sandwiched in. That religion will go to the grocery store

and pull out the plug of all adulterated syrups; it will dump into the ash-barrel the bark that is sold for cinnamon; it will sift from the flour the bone-dust and soap-stone; that religion will go to the dairies and there by chemical analysis separate the water from the few drops of cows' milk, and the chalk from the cream; that religion will go into the pit and there confront those who corner the wheat and the food-stuffs, sending up prices beyond the reach of the poor. It will go to the physician and appeal to his honesty, so that, when he does not understand an ailment, he will say so, and not try to cover up a lack of diagnosis with ponderous technical terms. That religion will go to the attorney and credit him only with briefs he wrote, and filings he made, and will put a stop to continuances, which are his own more than those of the courts. That religion will go to the workmen and call upon him to work as faithfully by the day as he does by contract. It will go to the taxi-driver and make him realize that the shortest distance between two points is a straight line and will drive along that line instead of taking you on an undesired joy-ride. What a commentary on the honesty

of our people when everything must be inspected! Ships inspected! machinery inspected! food inspected! the boss to watch the workmen; the owner to watch the boss; conductors sounding the punch-bell to prove their honesty, as a passenger succeeds in handing them a plugged nickel. All must be watched! Wood hiding its imperfections by the aid of putty; garments warranted to last until the second time you don them; houses erected to last until sold; plumbing that needs to be plumbed; etc., etc. Add to that—in the mathematics of the world of our day — the dimensions of the dishonesty either mitigates or aggravates the crime. If you are poor and steal a loaf of bread, you are arrested and convicted as a thief. If you are rich and are caught shoplifting, you are tenderly committed to the observation and care of a physician, for you are suffering from kleptomania. It takes money to break into that class! Some years ago while sitting on a park-bench in London, I picked up a paper and there read the following:

“The law imprisons man or woman
Who steals a goose from off the common;
But lets the greatest culprit loose

Who steals the common from the goose."

It is but a variation of another well-known verse:

"A little stealing is a dangerous part,
But stealing largely is a noble art.

'Tis mean to rob a hen-roost of a hen,
But stealing millions makes us gentlemen."

In these days of profiteering, adulteration, dishonest business transactions, the well-known notice in hotels: "Stop! Have you left anything?" might well be changed to: "Stop! Have you anything left?" We hear so many men boasting of making a "clean" profit, or of a "spot-cash" transaction, and yet many a "clean" profit is the result of a "dirty" transaction, and many a "spot-cash" deal is anything but "spotless."

"I am old-fashioned enough to believe that honesty pays," said an old lady to her nephew. "Yes," replied the nephew, "honesty pays, and dishonesty gets paid." Only too often and too late do we consider that the modern financier might well be defined as a man, clever enough and keen enough to separate the other fellow from his coin without the aid of a sandbag.

There is a great deal of crooked big business, shifty little business; there is nasty

business and shoddy business — yet the very heart of real business is the telling of the truth in a transaction. It does not take long for a business liar to stumble over himself. When an honest man sees his employer cheating some one else, he quits him before he gets a chance to be cheated by him in turn. There are too many men who are so honest that they would never cheat another — unless they could; too many men who are honest just because they are afraid to be dishonest; too many men who are only as honest as they have to be, and they will always be as dishonest as they can be; too many men, who have honest principles, but they do not allow them to take root, but pull them up every now and then, like children do the flowers they have planted — “to see if they are growing.”

We were told in our youth, and copied into our composition books, the trite old saying: “Honesty is the best policy.” That is very true, but he who acts on that principle is not an honest man. The worst dishonesty is honesty for policy’s sake. The fact of it is, that honesty isn’t any kind of policy. It is a virtue, practiced for its own sake, without regard for prospects. Those who refrain

from stealing because thieves land in jail are not honest. They are merely discreet.

Abraham Lincoln has passed not merely into the history of our land, but even into its very language, as "Honest Old Abe" — synonymous for all that is honest and true. It is told of him that one day he entered a bank and asked for \$30,000 to make a legal tender, promising to return it the same day. The cashier handed him the money, without even taking a receipt. It came to be understood by court, jurors, and bar, that when Lincoln brought a suit, it was *prima facie* evidence that his client was in the right. He well understood that honesty was not merely the best policy, but the best politics as well. He was convinced of the fact, and experience will corroborate it that a man always injures himself every time he wrongs another. Dollars are always vulgar until they are filled with character. "To an honest man," a recent writer said, "the most satisfactory reflection after he has amassed his dollars, is, not that they are many, but that they are all clean." It would seem that indolence itself would induce a person to be honest, as it requires infinitely greater pains and contrivances to be a successful knave.

Some people, just because of their lack of business integrity, look like a million-dollar check on a ruined bank. They look big, they promise great things, but you can't cash them.

George Eliot tells us:

"Let all thy converse be sincere,
Thy conscience as the noonday — clear."

"There is no legacy so rich as honesty,"

Shakespeare tells us. And Cicero says:

"What is becoming is honest, whatever is honest is always becoming." What an unspeakable advantage it would be, if men would consider the great truth, that no man is wise or safe, but he that is honest; for the noblest work of God is an honest, upright man. Let us ever be mindful of the fact that God looks only to *pure* hands not to *full* ones.

It would perhaps be too good to be true, to expect no shiftiness, no shady or shoddy business in a world that worships mammon. It would perhaps be more to the point to cry out with King Lear:

"The world's grown honest?
Then is doomsday near."

It would be well to remember that he who would cheat a friend would cheat his God, and that he is a fool who says to himself: "I will steal this, for I can escape. He may elude the sheriff, he may even escape through death's door into a new existence. But there is a law that follows him and will seize him at last and thrust him into a prison where the uttermost farthing must be paid. This must be true, or there is no balance in the world. What we need particularly in our day is an amplifier for the small still voice within our hearts, which at all times will lead us aright — if only we give heed to it.

So never put into your pocket a dishonest dollar, a lying dollar, a deceitful dollar, a dollar which drips with human sorrow, a dollar which is stained with the blood of a needlewoman, a dollar that has made another poorer, which has robbed another of cherished hopes and plans. Never touch a dollar which is not morally clean. It may increase the size of the heap of dollars you have garnered, but will do you no good — it will rob you of peace of mind and self-respect.

"All praise, then, be to him
Who acts a nobler part.
For a right good man is he
Who owns an honest heart."



Lies

LAST week and the week previous I spoke to you of shams. Tonight I desire to speak to you of another unfortunate phase of our lives, which, too, may be classed under the head of shams. That phase is a shamming of truth. In other words, the unfortunate habit of lying, which taints, I dare say, or at least has tainted, everyone of us at one time or another. A story is told of an Irishman and a Scotchman who were engaged in digging a foundation for a large building. As it often happens in the older cities of the world, where the run of the centuries buries and obliterates so many things, they discovered a curiously shaped vessel. An argument began between the two as to whom the pot belonged. Pat claimed he had seen it first, and Sandy claimed he had not only seen it but dug it up. Being close friends and not desiring to mar or shatter that friendship by a quarrel, they discussed various means of deter-

mining the ownership of that pot, which on opening showed its contents to consist of quite a number of old Spanish doubloons. They finally decided that he who would be able to tell the most plausible lie would be declared the owner of the pot with its golden find. A Scotch bishop passing by overheard the conversation and began to tell them of the evils of lying. He concluded his remarks with the words: "My good mother had such a horror of lying, and I, too, under her instruction, have conceived such an aversion to it, that I am bold enough and proud enough to say that I never told a lie in my life." He waited to see what impression his eloquence had made upon the two culprits. Finally the Irishman, scratching his head, said: "Sandy, gi' the bishop the pot."

Mark Twain, in taking account of stock, counts 869 varieties of lies. Unfortunately, there is no vice, to my mind, that is so prevalent as the vice of lying; so much so that the man who never told a lie is foolish to risk spoiling his reputation by saying so. Shakespeare cries out: "Lord! Lord! how this world is given to lying!" Life is a tissue of lies. We are born in lies, grow up in lies, live and move and have our being in

lies. Our highest wisdom is the law of hypocrisy, which we call "diplomacy." Society is a lie. We say "good morning" and wish we could murder the one we greet. We say "call again — come to see me sometime" and wish and hope it may never be. We live two lives or we don't live at all; one outward, visible; the other secret. We must be true to one and laugh at the other. An evangelist conducting service announced that next Sunday he would speak on liars. He advised them for the better understanding of his lecture, to read in preparation the 17th chapter of St. Mark. When Sunday came, he ascended the pulpit and asked: "I would like to know how many of you read the 17th chapter of St. Mark, as I advised last Sunday." A hundred or more hands went up. "Now," said the preacher, "you are the very ones to whom I wish to talk. There is no 17th chapter in St. Mark."

We have liars of all kinds. There are those who are really honest enough as far as they go. They do not really want to tell a deliberate lie, but they are careless; as one man expressed it, "slipshod in their mental processes." They do not observe carefully, or hear with exactitude, and thus

spill out upon the world a lot of untruth, which may perhaps exclude the imputation of lying, yet, because of its lack of truth, brings forth misery untold.

We have the flatterer; he who cannot bear to wound you, one who desires to be over-courteous, one who wishes to sneak into your good graces and hence will endow you with graces which you do not possess.

We have the little liar, as I might call him; he who specializes in white lies, so called. Yet, white lies soil very easily, and he who is addicted to them soon becomes color-blind. Though called "white" lies, they are only too apt to leave black marks on a man's reputation. These "white" lies, or "short" lies, at all times leave a long shadow behind them. The fact of the matter is, as Josh Billings would say: "There ain't no such thing." They are really yellow. For lying is nothing but cowardice. Some one has very truly said: "A liar is a bravo to God and a coward to man." He will not lie because he is bad, but because he is too weak to speak the truth. He will cover up, as best he may, before man. One lie will follow quickly upon the other; for, though men lie, they will do almost anything not to be

caught in the lie. Hence a lie must be well thatched with another or it will soon rain through. One who tells a lie is not sensible to the task he undertakes. He must invent twenty others to maintain that one. Besides, a bad memory is the skeleton in a liar's closet. To remember well what was said, is essential; else the lie will soon be detected. A man's whole life may be a falsehood, and yet never with his lips may he falsify once. A man may not say a word, and still be a liar. So why cultivate white lies? It doesn't take them long to show dirt. There is a way of uttering falsehood by look, by our manner, a glance of the eye, a shrug of the shoulder, as well as by our lips. There are persons who are guilty of dishonesty of speech and then afterwards say, "May-be" and call it a white lie. The whitest lie ever told is as black as perdition. There are those so given to dishonesty of speech that they do not know they are lying. They know how to turn a lie inside out and so bedeck it with plumage that none will recognize the lean old carcass, and as some one, who must have been a railroad man, once said, "Once they have switched the truth, a train of lies is soon made up." We find people who apolo-

gize for deviation from the truth, by saying it is but a commercial custom. In other words, they desire to ram down our throats the further lie, that a lie by multiplication becomes a virtue.

We have, too, in our midst those whose very modesty will prevent them from speaking the "naked" truth. They will not tell a deliberate lie, but will content themselves with half-truths. And yet the most intangible and therefore the worst lie is the half-truth. Even two half-truths do not make a whole truth. It is the peculiar device of a conscientious detractor and slanderer, and therefore blackest and most cowardly of all lies. The most mischievous liars are those who keep on the verge of truth. Many a man who refuses to take a whole truth will swallow a lie. "Equivocation is halfway to lying, and lying is the whole way to hell," has been well said. Going further, even silence is sometimes as great a lie as positive assertion of an untruth. Lots of people are too conscientious to tell a lie and yet manage at times to suppress the truth. How many a heart has been broken, a home wrecked, a character and reputation lost, through the lying silence of some one who, by a word,

could have shed the light of truth and thus saved a heart, a home, and a life! For a lie often cripples where a cannon would be inefficient. There was no villainy ever committed but you will, upon due inquiry as to the cause of it, find that a lie was first or last the engine to effect it.

Forgery is considered a great crime, and a lie is naught else but a verbal forgery. It is the abandonment, as it is the annihilation, of the dignity of man. A lie faces God and shrinks from man. "It has no legs, and cannot stand," a Chinese proverb says; "but it has wings and can fly far and wide." It is a breach of promise. One who seriously addresses another, tacitly promises to tell the truth, because truth is the only thing expected. A lie ever destroys, but it has never been known to create anything. Lies and wars are very much alike, since one always follows the other. The Scriptures tell us that "lying lips hide hatred." We boast of our advanced civilization, yet we must go to the pagan to find out how miserable and dangerous a lie is or might be. For in Siam a liar is condemned to have his lips sewed together. If a man is a liar, it is useless to tell him so. He knows it all the time. He

will only deny it and thus add another lie. One lie generates another. Though it be true that "Truth crushed to earth shall rise again," as the poet says, yet that is saying but little, for a lie will do the same. Since people must talk or die, it is better they tell the truth than invent lies. To invent lies always brings in its wake untold misery, for one lie will always give birth to another, and it may be startling for you to know, as it was for me, to discover that in practically every instance of a man or woman becoming depraved in early life the mother was a liar, the one liar literally giving birth to another.

No man ever occupied a permanent position or created anything worth while upon misrepresentation. The man who gets a temporary advantage by falsehood or misrepresenting will make everybody who finds it out his enemy ever after. It is human nature never fully to trust a person again, who has once deceived us. It is worse than useless to beg or advertise for lost faith. No attention is paid to a chronic liar, even when he utters a truth occasionally. There is always a question mark in our minds when dealing with a man who is not perfectly honest. Just look at the man who has

practised deceit and lying. There is not a line of truth in his face. He radiates dishonesty from every pore. He may employ the smoothest and most honeyed diplomacy, he may try to cover up his rottenness by appearance of respectability, by his clothes, by his money, but he cannot cheat the heart — we instinctively feel that he is a liar. A liar is always a hypocrite, and Satan wastes no time on a hypocrite. He does the work for him.

It takes courage to tell the truth, when it might place you in an unfortunate light, where a little half-truth or prevarication may save you pain or annoyance. It takes courage and manliness and womanliness to tell the truth when it gives an advantage to a rival. It takes courage to look the world squarely in the face, tell the straight truth, and then abide by the consequences of the telling. The reputation of being beyond price, of being inspired in all your conduct by unselfish motives, of telling the truth under all circumstances, is worth decidedly more than any advantage gained by deceit or lying, no matter how great that advantage might have been. A man is less every-time he misrepresents. He may add some-

thing to his pocket or reputation, but he is losing something of his manhood or womanhood. There is that little, still voice within ourselves driving home the knowledge that we are not true, we are cowards, we are hypocrites. That voice echoes in our souls: "I am a liar! I am not a man! I am a sneak, a make-believe!"

Shakespeare sums up the thoughts, perhaps weakly given, in the words:

"To thine own self be true, and it shall follow
as the night the day —

Thou can'st not then be false to any man."



Self-control

ON THE road to success you will always find that it is the cool head that makes the greatest headway. Tranquil, self-controlled natures are the ones that accomplish most. If you are cool and collected, your mind is bright and alert, you are able to weigh circumstances and things, and learn to estimate them at their true value. Whereas if you are impulsive, you are apt to be rash; if you are rash, you are apt to under- or overestimate things; and as a result you will accomplish but little; that little leaving many openings for improvement. There is no foundation for success except self-mastery, self-restraint, self-control. In the window of a room in Queen's College, Oxford, is an inscription which, we are told, records that once it was occupied by the young hero, King Henry V, who is described as

"Victor hostium et sui,"

"Conqueror of his enemies and himself."
He was victor at the famous battle of Agin-

court, but that struggle was not so glorious as his victory over himself.

If we would make profit of our energy, it must be under some restraint. A single lightning flash is, perhaps, more powerful than all the electrical machines in the world together. Yet it wastes itself in a moment, while the stored fluid turns millions of wheels, that bring comfort and prosperity to mankind. Steam, when harnessed can do a world's work, when free is but a vapor, the sport of every breeze. The dynamite, that is able in the twinkling of an eye to move mountains, burns harmless and slow when in the open air. So also with men. An army is always strong; a mob twice the size of that army is weak. The secret is merely control, discipline. We have many faculties, many endowments, many wants, many desires, many passions. They cannot be permitted to go on unconfined, for that would mean disaster. Some must be curbed, some refined, some utterly denied, and some entirely rooted up. In a word, we must be complete masters of ourselves, we must discipline ourselves, we must control ourselves, we must be "captains of our souls." A self-disciplined, self-controlled mind is a free

mind, and freedom is power. We must always measure the strength of a man by the power of the feelings he overcomes and subdues, not by the power of those which subdue him. Did you ever see a man or woman in anguish stand as if carved out of solid rock, mastering themselves? Did you ever see one bearing a hopeless daily trial remain silent, never murmuring, never telling the world of the cancer that is eating away his peace and happiness? That is strength! He who with strong passions remains chaste; he, who, keenly sensitive, will restrain himself when provoked, — and even forgive — these are strong characters, spiritual heroes, at whose shrines we may well pause and pay due reverence. "Passions," some one has said, are "the winds which urge our vessel forward, and reason is the pilot which steers it, and the consciousness of a divine sanction the compass." The vessel could not advance without the winds. Without the pilot and the compass it would be lost.

A writer describes vividly how passions uncontrolled will lead to destruction. "A vessel sailing from Lake Erie to Lake Ontario," he says, "when a mile or two above Niagara Falls, took fire. The flames soon obtained

complete mastery of the ship. Crew and passengers having been taken off in the boats, she was abandoned to her fate. It was night. As the huge vessel glides down the stream, she seemed a floating furnace, the flames shooting high into the heavens. Watch her as she approaches the rapids! The banks are lined with people in breathless suspense, waiting for the inevitable moment. On she glides, calmly and steadily toward the awful verge. At length, with a frightful plunge and a hissing noise, with coruscations of fire and gleaming spray, she makes the bound and instantly disappears amid the whelming flood." There are hundreds of men and women afire with evil habit, floating down the current, through the dark night of temptation, toward the eternal plunge. They stretch out their pleading hands and entreat us to stop them. Alas! We cannot! Only God can arrest their mad flight. Thousands go over the rapids every year, because they have not learned how to control themselves because they permit their passions to obtain the mastery over them, so that it is not they that rule their passions, but their passions rule them. He who reigns within himself, rules

passions, desires, and fears. He is more than a king. No man can hope to attain any degree of advancement in life, in character-building, or success without self-control. It is the very essence of manliness and character. The truly successful man has all his faculties under control. He has a strong grip on himself. On the other hand, the man without self-control is always at the mercy of his moods and circumstances. "Self-control," some one has said, "will succeed with one talent, while self-indulgence will fail with ten." Spies give us a splendid exhibition of self-control. A moment off guard, and they will hang for it. I have read of a spy who when captured pretended to be deaf and dumb. The most ingenious devices were resorted to, but he resolutely remained deaf and dumb; at last a shrewd officer in a tone which suggested the uselessness of further questioning, and yet, hoping he would act upon it and thus betray himself, said to him in a very low tone: "Well, you may go." The spy, sensing the trap, did not show the slightest sign that he knew the ordeal was over. The captain then said: "He is what he pretends to be or a fool." Had he lost his self-con-

trol, had he turned to go when thus dismissed, he would have betrayed himself and lost his head. His self-control saved him from the hangman's noose. Spenser tells us: "In the supremacy of self-control consists one of the perfections of the ideal man." Not to be impulsive, not to be spurred hither and thither by each desire, that in turn comes uppermost, but to be self-contained, self-balanced, governed only by counsels, well thought out, and plans well laid — that is what real education strives to produce. "Ah, Diamond! you little know what mischief you have wrought," said Sir Isaac Newton, returning from his supper to find that his little dog, Diamond, had upset a lighted taper upon the laborious calculations of years, which lay in ashes before him. Then he went calmly to work to reproduce them. The man who thus excelled in self-mastery, surpassed all in mastering the laws of nature. "The first and best of victories," says Plato, "is for a man to conquer himself." To be conquered by himself is, of all things, the most shameful and vile. Self-control is at the root of all virtues. Let a man yield to his impulses and passions, and from that moment he gives up his free-

dom and becomes a slave. Moral contagion borrows fully half its strength from the weakness of its victims. A learned writer tells us that, "He who has mastered himself, who is his own Caesar, will be stronger than his passion, superior to circumstances, higher than his calling." Self-control is the generalship which turns a mob of raw recruits into a disciplined army, the rough man into the polished and dignified soldier. In other words, the man has got control of himself and knows how to use himself. So, too, the human race is under constant drill. Our occupations, difficulties, obstacles, disappointments, if used aright, are the great schoolmasters which help us to possess ourselves. The man who is master of himself will not be a slave to drudgery. He will keep in advance of his work; he will not be the slave of his whims, nor at the mercy of circumstances. If a man lacks self-control, he seems to lack everything else. Without it he can have no patience, no power to govern himself; he can have no self-reliance, for he will always be at the mercy of the passion which at the moment is uppermost. If he lacks self-control, his backbone will be like that of the jellyfish and

like that fish will tend to slop over. How many of us have in our chains of character one weak link! We may be weak in the link of truthfulness, trustworthiness, chastity, charity, temperance, courage, industry, or some other virtue or quality — and each and every one of them is apt to wreck our success, and place a hindrance in the way of our life's endeavor sufficiently great to make of that life a failure.

A young man starting out in life at the mercy of his appetites and passions cannot stand up and look the world in the face, because he is the slave of what should be his servant. He cannot lead who is himself led. You cannot be leader and the led at the same time. If we have mastered all our passions and appetites, except one, that fact still keeps us a slave. We are not free, because we have that one as our master. The self-controlled always have themselves in hand and refuse to become flustered. "Sir, the house is on fire," shrieked a frightened servant, running into Dr. Lawson's study. "Go and tell your mistress," said the pre-occupied professor, without looking up from the book he was reading. "You know I do not concern myself with household matters." Though

I should not recommend precisely such self-control, yet the story teaches the lesson that fright, hysteria, and being flustered will only rob us of peace and tranquillity. Appetites and passions, if not absolutely under our domination and control, will, like another Frankenstein, the artificially constructed man of Mrs. Shelley's novel of that name, develop into an independent life and force, and will turn upon us, as Frankenstein did upon his creator, to torment us and take from us the very life-blood of character and success and manhood. It is not enough to have great qualities, we should also have the management of them.

Self-control forms the chief distinction between man and the mere animal. To be morally free — to be more than an animal — man must be able to resist impulse, and this can be done only by self-control. In the Bible praise is given not to the strong man who "taketh a city," but to the man who "ruleth his spirit." This man is he who, by discipline, exercises a constant control over his thoughts, speech, and action. Nine tenths of the vicious desires that degrade society, and which, when indulged, swell into crimes that disgrace it, would shrink into

insignificance before the advance of self-discipline, self-respect, and self-control.

Fletcher writes:

“Ah, silly man, who dream'st thy honor
stands

In ruling others, not thyself. Thy slaves
Serve thee and thou thy slave: in iron
bands

Thy servile spirit, pressed with wild pas-
sions, raves,

Wouldst thou live honored? clip ambition's
wing!

To reason's yoke thy furious passions
bring!

Thrice noble is the man who of himself is
king.”

With Shakespeare we, too, ought to exclaim:

“Give me that man

That is not passion's slave; and I will wear
him

In my heart's core; ay, in my heart of
hearts.”

Temper

AS WE have seen, self-control is one of the indispensable qualities of success. I wish to call attention here to one phase of self-control or rather the lack of it. It is one to which everyone of us must plead guilty in a greater or lesser degree. I refer to the passion of anger. "Do you think that a temper is a bad thing?" asked a lady. "Certainly not. It is a good thing, and she ought never to lose it," replied her husband. No one has a temper, naturally so good, that it does not need attention and control. Many people excuse themselves for doing wrong or foolish acts by the plea that they have a quick temper. But he who is king of himself rules his temper, turning its very heat and passions into energy, that works good instead of evil. Controlled temper is an element of strength; wisely regulated, it expends itself as energy in work, just as heat in an engine drives the wheels of industry. On the other hand, when a man loses his

temper, he at the same time loses his head, and when a man has lost his head, he has lost all adjustments of the lenses of his soul and mind. He sees things not at all as they are, but as pictured to him by the red rag of passion. Hence all is distorted, discolored, untrue. He sees everything red. A man in a passion rides a mad horse. The rider having lost his own self-control, fails equally to control his mount, and he will thus be carried to misery and unhappiness. For anger stands between the angry man and happiness. It causes bitterness, it causes self-reproach, it destroys friendship, it breeds cowardice and hypocrisy in inferiors and stupid arrogance in the angry superior. There can be no real happiness with an angry man. He does not know happiness and cannot therefore diffuse happiness. It is a pure waste of vitality. It is always foolish and always disgraceful, except in some very rare cases, when it is kindled by seeing wrong done to another, and even then, that noble rage seldom mends matters. It is a poison, a poison of the mind, and causes an actual physical poisoning of body. Scientists prove this by experiment. Take an animal, torment it until it is in a state of frenzy,

take a drop of the blood from the body of that enraged animal, inject that drop into the body of a smaller animal, and the latter will die almost instantly, actually poisoned, killed by anger in the mind and nerves of the other. Mr. Rarey, the great horse tamer, tells us that he has known an angry word to raise the pulse of a horse ten beats in a minute. Moreover, anger puts a man at a disadvantage. Every skilful pugilist will tell you that he has the battle half won, if he can make the other fighter angry. If a lawyer in court can make the other attorney lose his temper, the man who loses his temper also loses the jury and in most instances his case as well. It is the experience of nearly everyone of us — if we permit our minds to revert to the past — that every time we lost our temper, another gained a point. It is only the man who is wrong who can afford to lose his temper. The pity of it all is, that we cannot see ourselves when in a rage. Were some one suddenly to hold a mirror before the eyes of an angry man — the very distortion of his features, the florid hue of his face or its intense paleness, the distended and at times blood-shot condition of the eye-whites, the sparks of fire that

seem to leap from them, the contraction and expansion of the nostrils — were enough, without further words, to convince one of the physical as well as mental and soul disturbances going on within that enraged man, to the detriment of himself and of all those about him. Tennyson tells us that, "Oft a man's own angry pride is cap and bells for a fool." When in a rage, we cannot see our physical condition, nor can we estimate our mental disturbance. We consider our own anger virtuous indignation, while the anger of others in our minds is only nasty temper. The saying, therefore, is true, that when a fool gets angry, he opens his mouth and shuts his eyes. Ah! how many a day has been darkened by an angry word! How many a man has "stripped himself naked," according to an Eastern proverb, when he opened his mouth to speak! All the venom there is in his soul, he spits forth at such a moment. Even confidences, received in moments of friendship and intimacy, are only too often violated. Like tools, men become entirely useless when they have lost their temper. In France telephone calls are numbered as they reach the exchanges. If a subscriber loses his temper,

rattles the receiver hook, or berates the operator, his turn is placed at the end of the list.

Physicians tell us that instances are very rare where people of irascible temper live to an old age. A story is told of a certain Mr. Fletcher of Saltoon who was possessed of a very irritable temper. His butler intimated his intention of seeking another, place, when Mr. Fletcher proceeded gently to urge him to continue in his service. "I cannot bear your temper, sir," said the butler. "I am passionate, I confess," said Mr. Fletcher; "but my passion is no sooner on than it is off." "Yes," rejoined the butler; "but then it's no sooner off than it's on again." The old story of Xanthippe, the wife of Socrates, the old Athenian philosopher, is known perhaps to you all, yet it will bear repetition in this connection. At one time having vented all the reproaches upon Socrates which her fury could suggest, he went out and sat before the door. His calm and unconcerned behavior but irritated her so much the more, and in the excess of her rage she ran upstairs and emptied a vessel upon his head, at which he only laughed and said that, "so much thunder must needs

produce a shower." Verily, every time we allow our rage to get the better of us, every time you "get mad," as the boys say, and break loose, there is a circus in town, and you are its clown, with only this difference, that the clown in a real circus relies upon his grimaces and antics to produce laughter, while he remains for the most part silent. The angry man adds to his grimaces and antics a loud bellow, a high voice, vituperations and aspersions, and all the vile saliva of a high rage. Yet men make the foolish mistake to imagine a loud voice will mend matters; or, if it is a matter of an argument, will convince an opponent or the by-standers of the force of said argument. The fact, however, is that many a man thinks he is putting up a strong argument, when in reality he is only making a big noise. Usually the louder a man talks, the less it amounts to, for sound argument, paradoxically, never comes from a loud mouth, and the louder a man talks, the — well, you know what's in a bass-drum. The best advice I can offer as to an argument is: Don't argue. You can't convince any one. You will make yourself angry and the man you argue with will hate you. The high words of an argument are

only too often used to express some very low thoughts. Or, if you must argue, choose a subject you know something about. Then keep your mouth shut and listen, for the one that listens most, always has the better of the argument. It always takes two to quarrel, but why be one of them? Yet, unfortunately, though it takes two to quarrel, yet when one is willing, it is easy to find another. Dr. Crane tells us: "Anger is self-esteem on fire, for we are never angry until our pride is hurt." And he goes on to say that, "Anger dulls your efficiency. What you do goes wild. You have a lot of energy but no accuracy." So, also, anger dims your eyes. You see vividly, but what you see is not so. Anger makes chaos in your thought. What you think, in the egotism of anger, you will pay for in the humiliation of saner moments. Our own anger, indeed, does us more harm than the thing which makes us angry, and we suffer much more from the anger and vexation than we do from the acts at which we are vexed. Hence it would be well for all of us to look ourselves over sometime and decide who is boss — we or our temper. Marion Crawford, the author, was possessed of a violent temper

when a boy. He recognized its banefulness and decided to get it in hand. One member of his family constantly irritated him, driving him to the very verge of frenzy. His mother came to his room one day and found him running around carrying a heavy shutter on his back. When asked the reason of this ridiculous performance, he answered that, when he was in a rage, he made up his mind to carry the shutter three times around the room before he spoke. By that time his anger was well cooled down. Crawford's method, I believe, can be improved upon by this advice, which I give you gratis: "Count a hundred before speaking, when you are angry. If the other fellow is bigger — don't stop counting." When trouble is brewing, when slander gets on its legs, when your feelings are hurt, when you are exasperated under provocation — keep still! Things look entirely different to an unagitated eye. Shakespeare tells us: "Oppose not rage while rage is in its force. But give it way awhile and let it waste." One's temper improves by disuse. Any one who can suppress a single moment's anger, may suppress a whole day of regret. He who can keep his temper, realizing that, in

modern parlance, "he must boss himself before he can expect to boss others," has made the first right step on the road to success. "How sweet the serenity of habitual self-command!" exclaims a writer: "How many stinging self-reproaches it spares us!" When does a man feel more at ease with himself than when he has passed through a sudden and strong provocation without speaking a word, or in undisturbed good humor! When, on the contrary, does he feel a deeper humiliation than when he is conscious, that anger has made him betray himself by word, look, or deed! Nervous irritability is the greatest weakness of character. It is the sharp grit which aggravates friction and cuts out the bearings of the entire human machine. So guard your weak point — if that is a hot temper. A moment's outbreak, like a rat-hole in a dam, may flood all the works of years. One angry word sometimes raises a storm that even time cannot allay. English tells us: "He is a fool who cannot be angry, but he is a wise man who will not." And Shakespeare says: "Men in rage strike those that wish them best." Anger always begins in folly and ends in repentance. Hence to rule one's

anger is well, to prevent it is better. An angry man is always doubly angry for besides his first anger, he is again angry with himself when he comes to reason, for Plutarch tells us that anger turns the mind out of doors and bolts the entrance.

Says the poet Spenser:

“Full many mischiefs follow cruel wrath:
Abhorred bloodshed and tumultuous
 strife;

Unmanly murder and unthrifty scath.
Bitter despite, with rancor’s rusty knife
And fretting grief, the enemy of life.
All these, and many evils more, haunt ire.”



Kind and Unkind Words

LOVE IS the keynote of Christianity. In the history of the world those who are held up to us as models for our imitation have never been of the class which seeks only its own comfort or advantage. They have learned the great lesson of happiness, which is, to "think of the other fellow." They have learned the secret of happiness through self-sacrifice and kindness, and they find their reward in the inner consciousness of duty well performed. The opportunities of doing good, of being kind, come to every one of us. We naturally must come in contact with our fellow-man, since man is by his very nature gregarious. Unless we hie ourselves away to the desert, there to live the life of an anchorite or a hermit, we shall be forced to foregather with those round about us. Now, since there are no two natures alike; since God, as it were, breaks the mold at the creation of every individual, it is therefore, our duty, if we desire hap-

piness for ourselves, to recognize that difference and make it the criterion, by which we may judge the *modus operandi*, the course of action, which is proper under the circumstances, and proper to the particular individual with whom we come in contact. A great deal of the unhappiness in the world is the result of ignorance on this very point. Since there are as many natures as there are people, so there are equally many dispositions and phases of character. Hence each nature or disposition demands its own peculiar and characteristic treatment. But there are certain things in life, certain phases of contact which appeal to all dispositions and to all characters. There is no one in the world who will not respond to kindness and sympathy. Let him be ever so depraved, let him be ever so pessimistic, ever so despairing or disgusted with life, sympathy and kindness will always break through the crust, the hard shell, which envelops him. That sympathy, that kindness, may be shown in various ways. We have already spoken of the cheery heart, the cheerful smile, the pleasant face. Now we shall speak of sympathy and kindness in words. The inspired writer in the Scriptures cries out: "A word

spoken in season, how good it is!" Kind words are at all times like a benediction. They are not only instruments of power, but of benevolence and courtesy, blessing both the speaker and the hearer. Milton tells us:

"Apt words have power to assuage
The tumors of a troubled mind,
And are as balm to festering wounds."

Were it not for kind words, the harmony of the world would be broken, for kind words are the music of the world, they are the poetry of the heart. Life is prosy enough, as it is. In our everyday life we are confronted by the chances of business, we are weighted down by the trials of daily routine, our hearts grow heavy as sorrow piles up on us, we despair at times when circumstances will not adjust themselves to our best efforts — life, at times, becomes even a tragedy, and we fain would chant a dirge. Yet, kind words coming from the lips of our fellow-men, the cheerful dispositions of those with whom we come in contact, will again pour the music of contentment and courage into our hearts, and we will again respond to the harmony of life. Kind words are whis-

pered balm, they are sunshine put to words, sunshine spoken, and those words falling upon our ears will cause the dark clouds to break and their rifts to be filled up with happiness. A word of kindness is seldom spoken in vain. It is a seed which, even when dropped by chance, will spring up a flower. On the other hand, cruel words are like knife-stabs to the heart. Kind words produce their own image in men's souls, — and a beautiful image it is! They soothe and quiet and comfort the hearer. They shame him out of his sour, morose, unkind feelings. Sad to say, we have not yet begun to use kind words in such abundance as they ought to be used. On the contrary, only too often in the recklessness of passion, in the peevish, jealous spirit, which sometimes has the upperhand, we give vent to words which we will perhaps rue bitterly some day. Well has the poet said:

“Many a shaft at random sent
Finds mark the archer little meant.
And many a word at random spoken
May wound or soothe a heart that’s
broken.” (Scott)

Even, thoughtlessly, at times, we hold speech which has in it the sting of the wasp

and the poison of the viper. There are many words which come to the end of our tongues, which should stop there and go no farther.

“Oft unknowingly the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching,
That a word or accent wrong
Pains the heart almost to breaking.”

It is as easy to draw back the bullet, as it speeds from the barrel of a gun, as to recall a word that has been spoken. Words are not like birds. You can catch the latter, though they be swift in their flight. But a word, be it ever so lightly spoken, cannot be caught. It has gone on its mission, it will reach its destination — a destination either to soothe or to mar or to break. Words indeed are “Keener than steel and mightier for woe or weal.” Yet we find people who would rather say nothing than speak a kind word. They fail to realize that a kind word costs absolutely nothing; a kind word is spoken as easily as a harsh one, even more easily; for with it goes the consciousness of its value and the good it will do; whereas with the harsh, unkind word goes the consciousness of cowardice and meanness, and the knowledge that that unkind word may

and will do incalculable harm. Particularly do people seem careless about the words they speak of and to those who are most dear to them. They seem to imagine that because they are intimately united by the ties of blood or friendship, they have *carte blanche* to wound and hurt at will, and seem astounded when resentment follows.

"Hearts have broken," says the poet,
"To harsh words spoken,
That sorrow can ne'er set right.
We have careful thought for the stranger,
And smiles for the sometime guest;
But for our own
The bitter tone,
Though we love our own the best."

Much of the bitterness of life comes from the necessity of swallowing our own words. Often in life a word spoken or unspoken may have the very deuce in it either way. But if this be so, why is it that so many of us choose rather the unkind word than the kind one, knowing that the former always brings in its wake misery, and the latter will at all times, or at least in most cases, bring forth complete understanding, soothe the wounded spirit and disarm the angry friend

or foe? If we took as great pains to say kind things as we take pains to say and think unkind ones, life would be one metaphorical month of May.

Harsh words are like hail-stones, which, if melted, would fertilize the tender plants they batter down. A prominent man not long ago said to me: "You know, I've often thought it curious, that never yet have I made an unkind remark, but I met with prompt punishment." Sometimes we are guilty of unkindness in a spirit of bravado, or in a pseudo-good-fellowship, trying to coax forth the laughter of others at the expense of a fellow-man; but such wit, such jest never pays. It wounds, it arouses resentment, it engenders hate. Personal remarks, caustic sarcasm, so-called "jollyng," when carried too far, are at all times to be avoided. For a quip that hurts has ceased to be a jest. If you would keep them you love, laugh *with* them, not *at* them.

"Don't write there," said a father to his little son who was writing on the window-pane with the diamond in his mother's ring. "Why not?" "Because you can't rub it out." Did it ever occur to you that you are daily writing that which you can't rub out? You

made a cruel remark to your mother the other day. It wrote itself upon her loving heart and gave her great pain. It is there now and hurts her every time she thinks of it. You can't rub it out! You saw your friend in distress. You failed to give him a kind word. The neglect is seared into his soul. You can't rub the memory of it out! " 'Twas a word that's quickly spoken — you've restrained, and a heart is broken." Ah, the unkindness, the neglect which is so rampant in this world of ours! "Oh, our unkindness!" cries out a recent writer; "our stinging, biting words, our cruel, discouraging looks, our cynical smiles, which are more than blows!" Oh, if we but knew the value of our kind interpretations, of our cheering smiles, of our gentle, soothing words! What a grand old world this of ours would be, if there were more kindness in it! Many a saint in heaven has been sent there by a heartening word. Many a soul that is lost and shut out from God's sight forever, would be a shining light in the land beyond the grave, had some one said a kind word at the proper time or left a cruel word unspoken.

"If cruel words were kisses
And every scowl a smile —
A better world than this is
Would hardly be worth while."

So be not stingy of kind words, for they are fragrant gifts, whose perfume will gladden the heart and sweeten the life of all who hear or receive them. One kind word to the living is better than a long drawn out eulogy after death. A few kind words or a little forbearance will often open the shutters to a flood of sunshine in a house darkened by the clouds of discord and unhappiness. Witty sayings are as easily lost as pearls slipping from a broken string — wise sayings often fall to the ground, but kind words are never thrown away. The Bible tells us: "Pleasant words are as the honeycomb — sweet to the soul and health to the bones."

A kind word, and you make a rift in the cloud, a smile, and you may create a new resolve, a grasp of the hand, and you may repossess a soul from hell. Kind words are looked upon as jewels on the breast, never to be forgotten and perhaps to cheer by their memory a long sad life, while words of

cruelty are like swords in the bosom, wounding and leaving scars, which will be borne to the grave by their victim. Do you think there is any bruised heart which bears the mark of such a wound from you? If there is a living one which you have wounded, hasten to heal it, for life is short—tomorrow may be too late.

“If I knew that a word of mine,
A word, not kind, not true,
Might leave its trace
On a loved one’s face,
I wouldn’t speak harshly —
Would you?”

“If I knew that the light of a smile
Might linger the whole day through
And lighten some heart
With a heavier part —
I wouldn’t withhold it —
Would you?”





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